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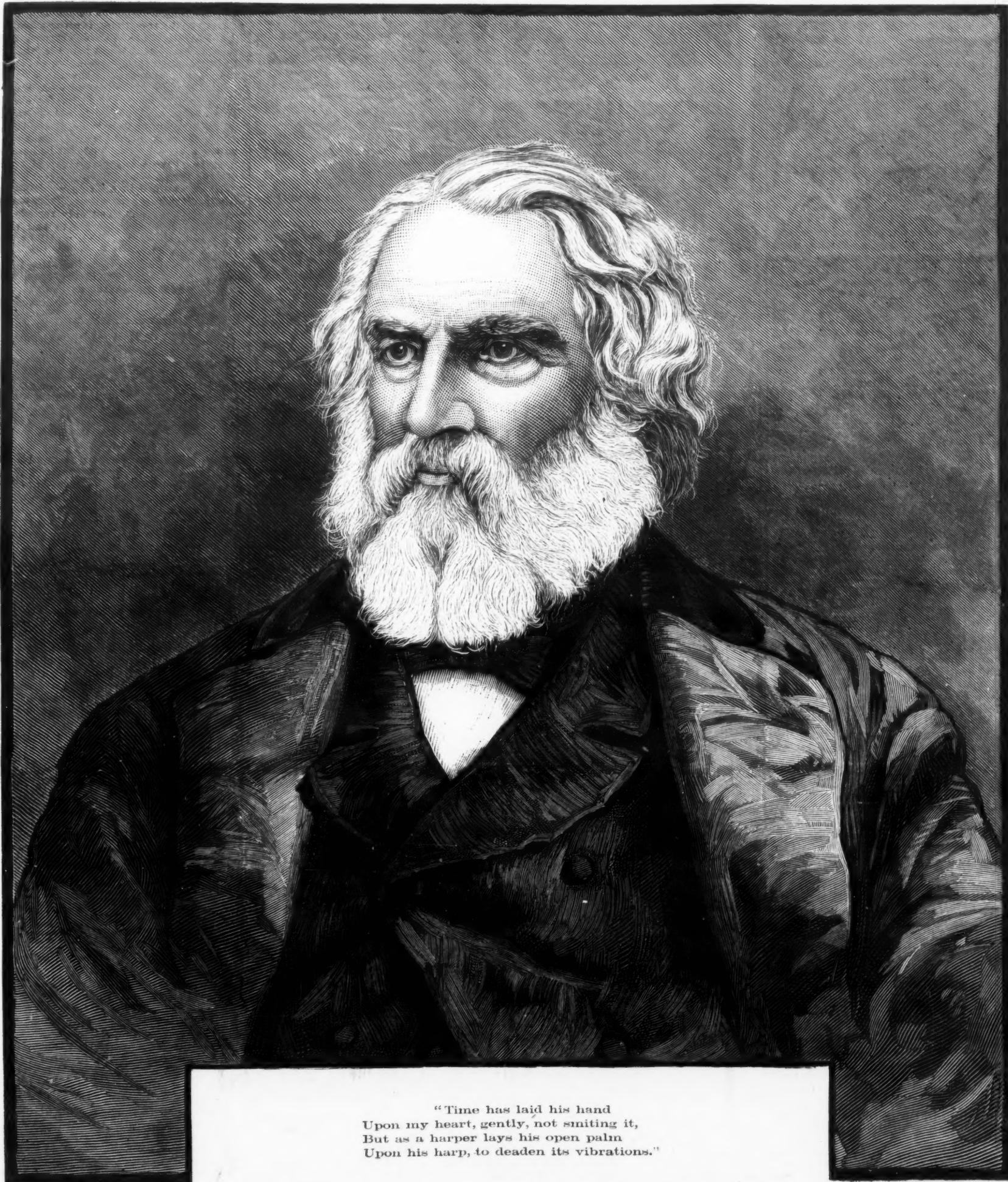


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"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

THE LATE HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 91.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1882.

\$500 REWARD.

INFORMATION reaches us from nearly every State of the Union that agents claiming to represent the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. In some cases these agents, as if to emphasize their claims, use a stamp in signing the name of "Frank Leslie" to their receipts. We again distinctly warn the public that the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE (of which Mrs. Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents or representatives, and that there is no such firm in this city as "Frank Leslie & Co." All persons using the name of the FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such, liable to punishment. We will pay a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of any person thus fraudulently claiming to represent this House. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

THE RAILROAD TAX PROBLEM.

AS public burdens, especially in cities, increase, it is natural that the people, in a free country, should insist that they shall be fairly and generally distributed. Taxpayers must become restive when they see vast accumulations of property of any kind escaping their fair share of the general load. In earlier times, in England, when the Church absorbed great masses of free property, a remedy was found at last, in spite of royal immunities and ancient sanctions. In these days railroad corporations have become the great absorbers of taxable property, and, sheltered under old statutes passed to encourage them in their infancy, are enjoying exemptions which cannot fail to excite popular discontent. Jersey City may be taken as a typical instance. It is, perhaps, the most important railroad terminus on the continent. The traffic poured from the Pacific to the Atlantic must find an outlet on its borders, and is already enormous beyond any expectation of the lawmakers of the first days of railroad enterprise. What it must reach in the near future defies conjecture. This requires a corresponding occupation of the soil of the city and a proportionate accumulation of other taxable property. The public burdens are so great that every other owner of ratables must pay taxes at the rate of two to three per cent. But by the charter creating the old New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company extending from New Brunswick to Jersey City, passed fifty years ago, it was provided that it should pay into the treasury a tax of one-half of one per cent. on its capital stock, and that no other tax should be imposed. A further provision was made for transit duties in case any railroad should be attached to it, so as to make a continuous line carrying passengers between the States of New York and Pennsylvania. Under this charter it has been considered settled that the property of the corporation was exempt from further imposition. But in 1871, when the question arose whether a track of gravel land with a connecting tract was exempt from taxation, the New Jersey Court of Errors held that it was, but at the same time declared that not all the property of the company was protected, but only such as was necessary for its operations. And the Court, in considering what was to be held necessary, declared that it embraced "all the means suitable and proper to accomplish the end which the Legislature had in view at the time of the enactment of the charter." And in 1879 the Supreme Court of the State, in stating the law, says: "We may assert that, as the law now stands, the property belonging to the company or its representatives, necessarily used in connection with the railroad in executing the purposes and objects to accomplish which the company was chartered, is exempt from ordinary taxation for State or municipal purposes, the tax prescribed by the charter to be paid to the State standing in lieu of all other taxes upon such portion of its property." Accepting this as the law, this corporation has been lately absorbing more and more of the taxable property of Jersey City, as "necessary for the purposes for which it was chartered," and consequently greater burdens are constantly imposed upon private owners.

It is not surprising that the people are beginning to groan under this growing load, and to clamor for some legislative relief. The difficulty seems to be to find a remedy which could be applied within constitutional limits. And if that could be devised, a greater obstacle would be encountered in the control of the great

corporations, acting in a common interest, over legislative action. But no great evil can survive perpetually against continued popular agitation. People will begin to scrutinize the limits of exemption already laid down by the courts. They will begin to ask such troublesome questions as these: What is the limit to the property "necessary" to the purposes of the company in order to accomplish the end the Legislature had in view in 1832 in chartering a railroad from New Brunswick to New York, or in providing duties on a road between New York and Pennsylvania? Did they mean that the whole river-front and the best part of the city should be exempt because needed to accommodate the traffic of a continent? Was a road from the Pacific to the Atlantic in their contemplation? Did they foresee and intend the exemption of all property necessary in any future age for the huge seaboard outlet of a vast system of railroads enveloping the whole country in a gigantic network, controlled by a combination of millionaires, after the fashion now become familiar? Did the modern grain-elevator, with its docks and approaches, rise into their view of the future even before Chicago existed? And did they, in providing for a road from New Brunswick to New York, intend to exempt from taxation for ever all desirable facilities for shipping the cereals of vast regions then undiscovered? If these questions may be answered in the negative, some remedy may be found under the law as it is now interpreted. If they must be assented to, then the case of Jersey City, and that of any terminus similarly situated, may be pronounced hopeless, till laws and constitutions shall be changed after long struggles. For no limit is to be assigned to the capacity of these vast railroad systems to devour terminal property. If the railroads of a continent can combine without stint, and control a common outlet, they can easily swallow a city or a county, and still demand more as necessary for the purposes of their creation. But time cures all public evils, and as this evil grows, it must tend, however slowly, to cure itself in some way not yet devised. One constant, simple rule is always understood and acted upon by a people so burdened—"agitate."

SHIPHERD'S STORY.

SHIPHERD has at last told the story of his connection with the Peruvian Company and its little claim for a billion dollars or thereabouts. He proved an entertaining sort of witness, with a keen enjoyment of the notoriety he has achieved, and a strong disposition to pose on the national stage where he found himself so prominent a figure. There was a grandiloquence worthy of Colonel Sellers in the union with which he dilated on the magnitude of his enterprise, while no actor could have cultivated more ingeniously the air of mystery with which he sought to envelop his operations.

Despite these dramatic accessories, however, the examination of Shipherd was somewhat disappointing—happily so, since it failed to sustain the suspicions which had been aroused as to the action of some public officials. He confessed, it is true, that he had reserved a little block of \$250,000 of the Peruvian Company's stock for Minister Hurlbut, because he considered him a purchasable man, who would obstruct the scheme unless he was interested in it; but he confessed also that Mr. Hurlbut never paid any attention to this offer. He testified that he had long interviews with Mr. Blaine about his project, but the only action which the Secretary took in the matter was a simple and proper notification to both Peru and Chili that these vast claims were asserted by American citizens and demanded attention. He makes clear, what was plain enough before, that Senator Blair was infatuated with the scheme, accepted a retainer and worked diligently with Secretary Blaine and in other quarters to promote its success; but he also admits that the New Hampshire Senator drew out and returned his retainer last Fall on finding that the matter was likely to come before Congress for action. There is, of course, nothing that concerns the public in Shipherd's employment of ex-Secretary Boutwell as an attorney, and the only other official of the United States Government who had any personal relations with the company from which he could derive any pecuniary advantages, according to Shipherd's own statement, was Collector Robertson of New York, who was retained as counsel.

In short, Shipherd's appearance on the witness-stand has dealt a fatal blow at the sensation which his mysterious operations seemed likely to create. His evidence confirms the impression that many prominent men, both in and out of public life, were at first disposed to listen with more or less favor to his grand scheme for helping them into fortunes, but even those who might have nibbled at rich bait seem to have soon discovered that it was a bare hook, and concluded to fight shy of it. As an amusing illustration of the airy speculator, Shipherd has turned out a great suc-

cess, but as a corrupter of the whole American Government, from Secretary of State down, he appears to have been a wretched failure.

EUROPE'S COMING RULERS.

THE 270,000,000 people of Europe, with diverse governments and religions, will at no distant day be called to the consideration of a very grave problem. It is this—who are to be the new governing spirits of the Continent? The Emperor William is a vigorous octogenarian, but even octogenarians, as we know, do not live for ever; Bismarck, who says he has smoked his 100,000 cigars, and drank his 10,000 bottles of champagne (not to speak of his cognac) is now a gouty gentleman, who, having done his life's work, is prepared to die, not from age but from infirmity; Gortschakoff has already abandoned the problem of how to give the Romanoffs at once tranquillity and conquest; and Austrian Chancellors, by right of fame, have disappeared from the scene. France presents some able but turbulent statesmen, whose influence on the Continent is by no means controlling. Spain still justifies the clever phrase of the old aggressor that she is "a whale stranded on the seashore of Europe." Turkey doesn't count. The Northern Powers were never taken into account in the councils of Europe; and Italy, only through one of the greatest of great men, Cavour, ever succeeded in breaking through the Alps and proclaiming what Italy now possesses—essential unity.

While we find in Russia a fiery anarchical state of affairs, we discover towards the East a similar disposition in her provinces towards conquest. The meanwhile, with all of the stern facts confronting us, we find old men at the helm—all old men—Gladstone in England; Bismarck in Germany; Gortschakoff, although not actually in place, still the ruling spirit of Russian policy, and so on. And do we hear of any men of marked power and brilliancy to succeed them? Ask any Englishman who is the successor to Beaconsfield? Ask any Liberal who will succeed Gladstone? Germans! who will defend the integrity of the Fatherland when Bismarck is in the tomb? Frenchmen! when Gambetta dies, who will fight with equal prudence and eloquence for the Republic—still young, yet promising? Spaniards! when Castelar can no longer pronounce his matchless sentences, what guarantee have you that the Pyrenees will not again frown on a fair but frail peninsula? What rising name does Europe then present? None! But possibly this may be a fortunate thing for mankind; for the people governed least is governed best. The time for autocrats—of the mind, by descent, by the favor of sovereigns, sovereigns themselves—is rapidly passing away, and this fact cannot be better perceived than in this, that Europe, after the decease of a few of the leaders of to-day, will not only not fear anybody, but will be in search of somebody to heal heretofore incurable sores.

Thus prosperity in the United States, quietude abroad, turbulence alone in the half-civilized States bordering the Eastern seas—these several features of the world's present outlook offer little opportunity for any coming despot. Casting the eye over the globe and contrasting the present with anterior periods in its history, how singular and unique does this era seem. Is it not, then, a proper time for Society to see what Society can do for itself?

SWINDLING THE GOVERNMENT.

ONE of the grossest abuses connected with our civil service is the disposition of the average official to indulge in petty swindling of the taxpayer. To say that many of the most prominent officials in the country are thieves would sound harsh, and might be misleading, yet it would be the simple truth. Stealing is stealing, and the man who robs the public treasury by indirection deserves to be branded as a robber quite as much as he who seizes a bag of coin from the vault and carries it away.

Three conspicuous illustrations of this contemptible practice have been brought to light at Washington during the past season. A Senate investigating committee has discovered many gross frauds and abuses in the expenditure of the Treasury Department's Contingent Fund. Among other things, it was shown that the Sherman Campaign Bureau, in the canvass for the Republican Presidential nomination two years ago, was furnished with \$500 worth of stationery, which was charged to "file-holders"; that dozens of perfumery bottles were paid for on vouchers calling for "matches"; that plans for Secretary Sherman's new house were made by draughtsmen employed in the supervising architect's office; and that men were sent from the Treasury cabinet-shop to work on the building. Mr. Sherman is, of course, entitled to the benefit of his denial that he knew nothing of these abuses, but he cannot be ac-

quitted of blame for the carelessness of administration which rendered them possible.

Meaner than such stealing from contingent funds is the robbery of broken-down old soldiers which has been perpetrated by prominent officers of the army. The most beautiful spot about Washington is a large park in the suburbs known as the Soldiers' Home, where several hundred infirm veterans are supported. It is maintained by a tax regularly exacted from the monthly pay of all soldiers, who, when they become superannuated, are entitled to a home here for the rest of their lives. It appears that two of the three Commissioners in charge of this charity—Surgeon-General Barnes and Commissary-General Macfeely—have regularly supplied their tables with the choicest products of the dairy, the garden, the orchard and the conservatory. So heavy were these demands that infirm and ailing veterans have often been deprived of the delicacies which they required, and which belonged to them, but which had been stolen from them, without even the shadow of law.

But the most disgusting exhibition of this swindling disposition is found in connection with the funeral ceremonies of President Garfield. The disgraceful fact has been brought to light that the journey of Congressmen from Washington to Cleveland, last September, was nothing more nor less than a junketing trip. A Washington caterer was paid \$1,700 for champagne, brandy, whiskey, cigars and lunch, and so scandalous were many of the bills, that a member of the committee which audited them acknowledges that he burned them, to prevent any possibility of their reaching the public.

There is no use in mincing words about such performances as these. They are simply disgraceful. The only remedy is publicity. It is disagreeable to find that men who have reached high positions are capable of such meanness; but the only way to prevent others from imitating their bad example is to expose their offenses and then erect such safeguards as shall render swindling of this sort impossible hereafter.

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION.

THE indications with regard to immigration from Europe during the coming twelve months are that it will exceed in extent even that of the extraordinary year of 1881. In a single day last week, 3,890 immigrants passed through Castle Garden, and almost every day adds to the number of arrivals. The condition of affairs in Germany, as well as in Ireland, is still such as to induce the laboring classes to seek a home where the burdens of life are lighter, and where labor finds a ready market and a liberal reward. The Germans are especially drawn towards a country in which there is no iron rule of military service to hamper their freedom, and in which so many of their countrymen have found prosperity and happiness. The Irish have little to tempt them to remain in a land so distracted as is their own by the unfortunate disputes between landlord and tenant which are apparently far from a peaceful settlement. A significant sign, lately exhibited, of the prosperity which prevails among the laboring classes in this country is also an indication of a large immigration to our shores from Europe during the coming Spring and Summer. All of the sellers of small bills of exchange for remittance report an extraordinary demand during the past three months. About the beginning of the year the immigrants send a part of their savings to gladden the hearts of their friends and kindred in the Old Country, and the unprecedented amount of these remittances is significant of a correspondingly large demand for prepaid passage tickets when Spring fairly opens. Ample preparations have been made by the different steamship companies to provide for this increased immigration, and the year 1882 will probably show the largest influx of immigrants at our various ports that has been known in the history of the country.

SUICIDE AND INSANITY.

IT may be difficult to trace and define the precise analogy between the increase of suicide and lunacy; but the statistics of both are suggestive of like causes operating to produce them. While, for instance, one man commits suicide through domestic bereavement or calamity, disappointment in love, religious melancholy, financial ruin and disgrace, destitution, or other causes, another, with a tendency inherited or acquired in that direction, becomes insane. Thus the rate of increase in the number of suicides has kept pace with that of lunacy, and vice versa, for many years past, not only in this country but in Europe, although no complete statistics, by which close comparisons can be made, are obtainable. How great the increase of lunacy has been may be inferred from the fact that in the year 1877 there were in the asylums and other institutions in and belonging to the State of New York 7,921 lunatics, and in 1881, 10,050, an increase of 2,138 inmates.

in four years. These figures, of course, include none of the inmates of private establishments for the insane, nor of those living in the care of doctors or legally appointed "committees" in their own homes or elsewhere; and the number of persons who have been legally pronounced insane and placed in charge of "committees" without being sent to asylums is very large.

That poverty is the most prolific cause of suicide is proved conclusively by the testimony of coroners' inquests; and a large percentage of cases not obviously traceable to it are also the result of business reverses and money troubles in various forms. The causes of insanity are, of course, more obscure, being complicated with hereditary and constitutional tendencies and conditions of health, but the experience of physicians and others extensively familiar with the circumstances and antecedents of the insane goes to confirm the theory, if not to establish the fact, that money is also responsible for a large percentage of lunacy cases. This is especially so among persons overtaken by pecuniary misfortunes in the higher walks of life, who are naturally more sensitive to poverty and its humiliations and privations than those never accustomed to anything better.

It is clear that whatever operates to diminish suicides will also tend to a similar result with regard to lunacy, and this is to be found in the causes and the influences that tend to the general betterment of the people in health, morals and worldly estate. By promoting universal well-being and ameliorating the condition of the poor the principal incentives to crime will grow less at the same time that these other advantages are secured; but improvement in this direction will necessarily be slow, for it involves an actual advance in solving one of the most difficult problems of civilized society—a real development of the forces of civilization. The idea that suicide can be made less common by being made more odious, through an indignant public opinion, the censure of its victims by coroners' juries, by exposing its cowardliness in the newspapers and pulpits, or returning to the old practice of burying suicides without religious ceremonies at the junction of cross-roads at midnight, is little less than absurd. The remedies must be applied, so far as they can be, to its most active causes. Persons would not commit suicide the less because the act was popularly regarded as more or less infamous, for it is already a crime, and those who perpetrate it must, if not insane, be entirely lost to all fear of disgrace, and wholly indifferent to posthumous reputation. Generally, it is the last act of despair.

LONGFELLOW.

THE death of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow carries with it the sadness of a personal bereavement. It bears a throb of anguish to the heart of every household over the length and breadth of the land. We cannot realize that the man who diffused so radiant an influence through our lives has gone from us—that the voice whose magic teachings of the good and beautiful entranced our souls, is stilled for evermore.

Wherever the English language is spoken the announcement of Longfellow's death will be received with a pang. His writings, so lovable in their quality, were but the reflex of his nature—gentle, tender, gracious, hopeful. His home life was idyllic. He loved children and flowers and birds, and even in the ripeness of years was as blithe-hearted as a boy.

No English poet of the latter time ever achieved so wide, so enduring, so honored a popularity with the English-speaking world. His name is a "household word." He is quoted by the cradle, at the marriage feast and by the bier. The people of the United States will feel his loss more than if "any other man went out," for he was of us, near us, abiding with us—a being dowered with the God-gift of creative beauty. We were proud of him, loved him. In him our country has given a genius to all time, a bright particular star to the glittering firmament. His works live after him, and will continue to live so long as the human heart is awake to sentiment, sympathy—so long as it knows how to suffer and be strong, so long as it learns to labor and to wait.

BARNUM'S LAST TRIUMPH.

MR. BARNUM has triumphed, and Jumbo is ours! The law was with the great showman, and Mr. Justice Chitty decided that the Council of the Royal Zoological Society had the right to sell Jumbo, and that that right had been validly exercised. The largest elephant in the world, and the best advertised, is now crossing the ocean, and in the course of a few days will have been enrolled as an American citizen. If the children of this great country become as much attached to him as those of Great Britain he is in for a good time. Peanuts, untasted joys, are in store for him, buckwheat cakes are possibilities, and when visiting Boston he may be treated to pork and beans. Instead of being cooped up in one place, he will be transported in a vehicle specially constructed for his safety and comfort all across this vast continent; he will have numerous opportunities afforded him of studying the nature and characteristics of the rising generation, especially those appertaining to the American small boy, who will

critically analyze the statement that he is twenty-one years of age, while as to his weight, Young America will insist upon having him weighed at least once every day. Mr. Barnum is to be congratulated upon his pluck, and to him, for thus bringing to these shores an animal so highly prized by Britishers, the children of the United States owe an additional debt of gratitude.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE celebration of the eighty-fifth birthday of the Emperor William, on the 22d inst., was marked by unusual festivities in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany. At the capital, thanksgiving services were held in all the churches, and great crowds of people assembled in the Unter der Linden to do honor to his Majesty. In replying to a conservative committee, the Emperor reasserted his faith in the correctness and popularity of the views advanced in the recent imperial rescript, and avowed his purpose to carry out resolutely the "tasks" committed to him by the Almighty. During the day messages of congratulation were received from the Czar of Russia and other monarchs, the former expressing the hope that "the Emperor's life, which was so necessary to the peace of Europe and the maintenance of friendly relations between Russia and Germany, might be long preserved." The day was also celebrated by State banquets at the Russian and Austrian Courts, the former being attended by all the *attachés* of the German Embassy. If there has been any danger of a collision between Germany and Russia, it is obviously dissipated for the present. Meanwhile, Bismarck has announced that he is prepared for a rejection of the Tobacco Monopoly Bill, and that the Reichstag will not be dissolved should that result be reached. He will simply introduce a Bill increasing the tobacco tax, and attack the Opposition in flank, instead of squarely in front.

Prince Leopold, who is about to marry the Princess Helena of Waldeck, has been granted an additional allowance of \$50,000 a year, but not without vigorous objection on the part of certain Radical members of the House of Commons. The vote on granting the annuity stood 387 to 42, while Sir Charles Dilke, Postmaster-General Fawcett and Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, Secretary of the Admiralty, abstained from voting, which is equivalent to putting themselves in opposition to the expressed wish of the Queen. It is well understood that the Princess Helena will bring but a meagre dowry to her husband—the ducal family of Pyrmont-Waldeck being far from rich—and the young couple, setting out on life's career, will, no doubt, find the allowance just made a very convenient addition to their income.

In the British Commons the debate on the *clôture* resolutions is still in progress. The debate has derived additional interest from the announcement made by the Government that, regarding the adoption of the *clôture* as necessary to the conduct of the business of the country with dignity and effect, it will be prepared to resign if the House shall refuse to give it the powers it demands. A recent vote in the House on the subject of the equalization of borough and county franchise is interpreted as committing the present Parliament to the definite consideration of this question.

It is now announced that the coronation of the Czar will certainly take place in August. There is a rumor that the Sultan will shortly visit the Czar at St. Petersburg. The general staff of the Russian army have definitely reported to the Government that the country is in no condition to carry on an offensive war, and this is undoubtedly the fact, however unsatisfactory it may be to those who look to Russia for the arrest of Teutonic aggressions in Europe. A pleasant bit of intelligence comes from St. Petersburg to the effect that the Czar has refused to confirm the proscription recommendations of the Jewish Commission that the Jews shall be compelled to quit the rural districts. The ground of the Imperial refusal is said to be that such expulsion would almost ruin agriculture, and that the recommendations are generally conceived in a vindictive spirit.

The French are maturing a plan of campaign in the south of Tunis, where the insurgents are still troublesome. It is understood that three columns of troops will advance on different lines, it being intended to inflict a signal defeat on the Arabs close to the Turkish camps on the Tripolitan frontier, and so convince them of the groundlessness of their hope of receiving Turkish aid.—The sum of \$110,000 has been received by the Irish Land League during the last month from branches of the League in this country and the British colonies.—The French supplementary credits necessary for the current year will amount to \$25,400,000. The Senate has, by a decisive vote, adopted the Primary Education Bill in the form in which it came from the Chamber of Deputies.—It is authoritatively announced that Montenegro will take no part in the struggle between Austria and the Herzegovinians, but is desirous that the Powers should intervene to prevent further bloodshed in the revolted districts.

ALTHOUGH the movement to reduce the taxes on whisky and tobacco has been defeated by the Republican caucus at Washington, it seems probable that something will be done in the way of abolishing internal revenue taxes at the present session. The House Committee on Ways and Means has been instructed to prepare a Bill abolishing the taxes on bank deposits and checks, matches, cosmetics, perfumes and proprietary medicines, which aggregate nearly \$17,000,000 a year. The Treasury can easily stand such a loss of revenue as this, and the Bill proposed would put an end to many vexatious charges. There certainly should be no hesitation about abolish-

ing the tax on matches, which acts directly in the interests of monopolists in the business, and against both small manufacturers and the general public.

THE Whittaker case has dragged along such an unconscionable time that it is almost startling to learn that it has finally been decided. The sentence of the court-martial dismissing the colored cadet from the service is set aside, on account of certain technical irregularities in the taking of evidence, but he is dismissed from the Military Academy on the ground of deficiency in his studies. The young negro will consequently drop out of public attention, and the question whether he mutilated his own ears or not must apparently go for ever unsettled.

ONE of the best signs of the times is the decadence of the old sectional and partisan spirit in the discussion by Congress of national questions. Last week, for instance, in the debate on the Chinese Bill in the House, a Republican member from Ohio heartily supported the measure, and was followed by a Mississippi Democrat, who opposed it as violating the spirit of the treaty. So in the Senate, a fortnight before, Edmunds, from the Stalwart Republican State of Vermont, had maintained the propriety of excluding Mongolians, while Brown, representing Georgia with its overwhelming Democratic majority, opposed the pending Bill as violating all the traditions of the republic. The country gains by every manifestation of such independence.

RESPECTABLE newspapers are so glad of the chance to drop Guiteau as a topic of discussion that one dislikes to be forced to make any reference to his case. Nevertheless, there is something so scandalous in the treatment of this criminal, that the press would fail in its duty if it neglected to criticize those who are responsible for it. It seems that the assassin is allowed two cells, one for a sleeping-room, and the other as a sort of "office"; is permitted to receive visitors, sell his photographs and autographs, and indulge to the full his consuming love of notoriety. This is all wrong; Guiteau is a murderer of the worst type, and ought to be treated with the severity which the law contemplates in the case of an abandoned murderer awaiting execution.

THE difficulty of carrying out a monument project long since became proverbial, and the scheme for a grand memorial to President Garfield at his grave threatens to prove no exception to the rule. The proposition was broached when grief for the nation's loss was fresh and keen, and nothing seemed easier than to raise the quarter of a million dollars which was fixed upon as the proper sum. But six months have passed, and the committee in charge are forced to confess that so far only \$106,000 has been raised, and to make a second appeal for a systematic canvass of the whole country. It would be unfortunate if the original limit should not be reached, and yet of all projects it is most disagreeable to see a monument fund lose its spontaneous character and require active begging.

THE confirmation of Judge Blatchford as a Justice of the United States Supreme Court makes our highest judicial tribunal complete for the first time in three years. Justice Hunt sat upon the Bench for the last time in September, 1878, and during much of the intervening period the court has been short still another member, while sometimes only six of the nine have been able to perform active duty. The consequence is that the work is years in arrears, and it had begun to look as though the court would be swamped before long in undecided cases. The infusion of new life and vigorous blood will, doubtless, soon manifest itself in the more rapid dispatch of business, though some intermediate tribunal will still be required by the growing demands upon the court of last resort.

THE proposition for the incorporation of a National Railway Company, with authority to locate and build a road from New York to Washington, is again before Congress. The Bill reserves to the Government the right to precedence in the transportation of troops, munitions of war and military supplies without extra cost, and also provides for the transportation of the mails on through fast trains between New York and Washington within six and one-half hours per trip. The Bill also provides that the rate for passenger fare between the terminal points shall not exceed five dollars. It would no doubt be a good thing for the public if such a road could be built and put in operation; but whether Congress can properly grant a charter for any other than a distinctively post-road is a matter about which there is a marked difference of opinion.

TRUSTWORTHY statistics show that the recent trunk line war involved a loss of \$22,605,000 to the four lines engaged in it and their Western connections. At the beginning of the struggle grain and similar freights was thirty cents per 100 pounds, but it was quickly reduced to seven cents per 100 pounds. The average reduction would be fairly stated at twenty cents per 100 pounds, or \$4 per ton, making a total loss, as before stated, while the incidental loss in the disturbance of business confidence, the decline in the value of the bonds and stocks of the contending roads, and the injury to our securities at home and abroad, probably reached an aggregate of nearly \$50,000,000 more. In the light of these startling facts, the folly of these ruinous fights of the railway kings becomes so strikingly apparent as to make any attempt to justify them utterly impossible.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE President has signed the anti-Polygamy Bill. It is believed that Senator Teller, of Colorado, will be appointed Secretary of the Interior.

THE Democrats of Rhode Island have nominated Horace A. Kimball as their candidate for Governor.

THE New York Assembly has passed the resolutions proposing to amend the Constitution by abolishing canal tolls.

A BILL has been introduced in the United States Senate to admit Washington Territory, with a part of Idaho, as a State.

THE strike in the Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Mass., continues, and many operatives have left for New Bedford, Fall River and other manufacturing places.

LAST week's failures in the United States aggregated only 118—22 less than the week before, and the smallest number for any week since October 8th.

THE House Appropriations Committee has decided to non-concur in the Senate amendment to the Post Office Bill, which restores the franking privilege.

THE Pennsylvania Democrats will meet in State Convention, at Harrisburg, on June 28th. The Party leaders are hopeful of a favorable result in the next campaign.

THE Chinese Bill has passed the House by a vote of 167 to 65, an amendment reducing the time of restriction from twenty to ten years being defeated by a majority of 31.

THE House Naval Committee has decided to favor the appropriation of \$2,500,000 for the completion of the four unfinished monitors now on the stocks at or near Philadelphia.

GOVERNOR JEROME of Michigan has issued a card of thanks to the public for the assistance rendered the sufferers by the forest fires, and says that the need of outside help is now past.

ARRIVING vessels report passing through enormous masses of dead fish in the waters off the Georges Banks, supposed to have been killed either by a volcanic eruption or by icebergs.

THE great trunk lines have ratified pooling arrangements, for both freight and passenger traffic, to cover the next five years, with a provision for occasional revisions by a board of arbitrators.

IT is understood that President Arthur, in selecting five Commissioners for Utah, will nominate only lawyers, believing that good lawyers will be required to reorganize the Territorial Government.

THE Minnesota Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment, has convicted Judge Cox of drunkenness and sentenced him to removal from office and disqualification for judicial office for three years.

THE second American cable was successfully landed at Canas, N. S., on the 23d inst., amid great rejoicing, and the whole American cable system is expected to be in active operation in a few days.

THE President has nominated as Minister to Liberia John H. Smyth, of North Carolina, a young negro lawyer, who filled the place satisfactorily for four years before the late Dr. Garnet was appointed.

GOVERNOR LUDLOW of New Jersey last week vetoed a Bill passed by the Legislature which gave the control of the whole Jersey City water front to certain railway corporations. The Senate subsequently passed the Bill over the veto.

A CONSTITUTION for Cyprus has been promulgated. The Legislative Council will consist of six official and twelve elected members. Nine of the latter are to be Christians and three Moslems. The franchise is placed on a broad basis.

THE Governments of England and France have instructed their representatives in Egypt to request of the Khédive a special hypothecation of the revenues assigned to the service of the international debt. The other powers have approved this demand.

THE Society of the Red Cross, which has just received national sanction in this country by the Senate's adopting the Geneva Treaty, proposes to send agents through the flooded districts of the South, and appeals for subscriptions to carry on the good work.

THE Milwaukee Senate has adopted a Congressional apportionment plan, which will give the Democrats at least two Congressmen, with the possibility of a third, and the plan will be carried through the House by a fusion of the Democrats with a clique of Republicans. Leading Republicans of the State protest against it.

SEVERAL railroad corporations are competing for the franchise of the old canal at Cincinnati. The Act necessary to legalize the sale is now before the Ohio Legislature, and an investigation shows that bribes have been offered by Cincinnati lobbyists, though so far no member of the Legislature has been found who has accepted the bait.

THE Low Tax State Democratic Executive Committee of Tennessee has adopted resolutions inviting the debt-paying wing of the party to meet them in joint convention at Nashville, but in case they refuse, authorizing the chairman of their committee to call a State Convention of the Democratic Party on May 11th, to nominate a candidate for Governor.

THE Senate Committee on the Improvement of the Mississippi River and its tributaries has agreed upon a Bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi and \$1,000,000 for the Missouri River, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War in accordance with the plans of the Mississippi River Commission. A part of the appropriation for the Mississippi is to be made immediately available in order to repair as quickly as possible some of the damage caused by the recent floods. In the House a Bill has been reported on the same subject appropriating \$6,863,000.

Foreign.

ANOTHER Ministerial crisis is said to be imminent in Egypt.

SIXTEEN shots were fired at President Morino, of Santo Domingo, on March 5th, but he escaped unhurt.

THERE is a movement to make the decisions of the Land Court retrospective as far as they relate to arrears of rent.

MOODY and SANKEY have been requested to spend a year in London in evangelical work. The request is signed by three hundred persons, including the Earl of Shaftesbury, Earl Cairns, the Earl of Aberdeen, Canons Farrar and Fleming, Rev. Charles Spurgeon and 273 clergymen.

IN the British House of Lords a Bill providing that every member of Parliament, before taking his seat, shall make a solemn and sincere declaration and affirmation of his belief in Almighty God, was opposed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who moved the previous question. The motion was agreed to.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in reply to a question in the House of Commons last week, said that the Government was now considering the representation of the Government of the United States regarding the trial or release of the Americans imprisoned in Ireland under the Coercion Act.

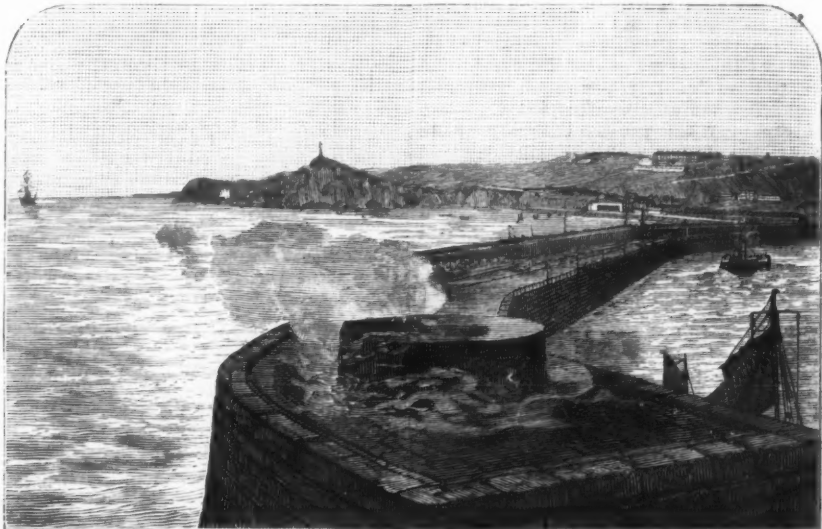
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 87.

ANDREW MARSHALL PORTER, NEW SOLICITOR
GENERAL FOR IRELAND.

ITALY.—THE VILLA OCCUPIED BY QUEEN VICTORIA AT MENTONE.

RODERICK MACLEAN, QUEEN VICTORIA'S
ASSAILANT.

MONTENEGRO.—THE MAIN STREET OF CETTIGNE, THE CAPITAL.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE CHANNEL TUNNEL AT DOVER, AND ITS DEFENSES.



ITALY.—BODY OF A CHILD FOUND IN EXCAVATING A STREET IN POMPEII.



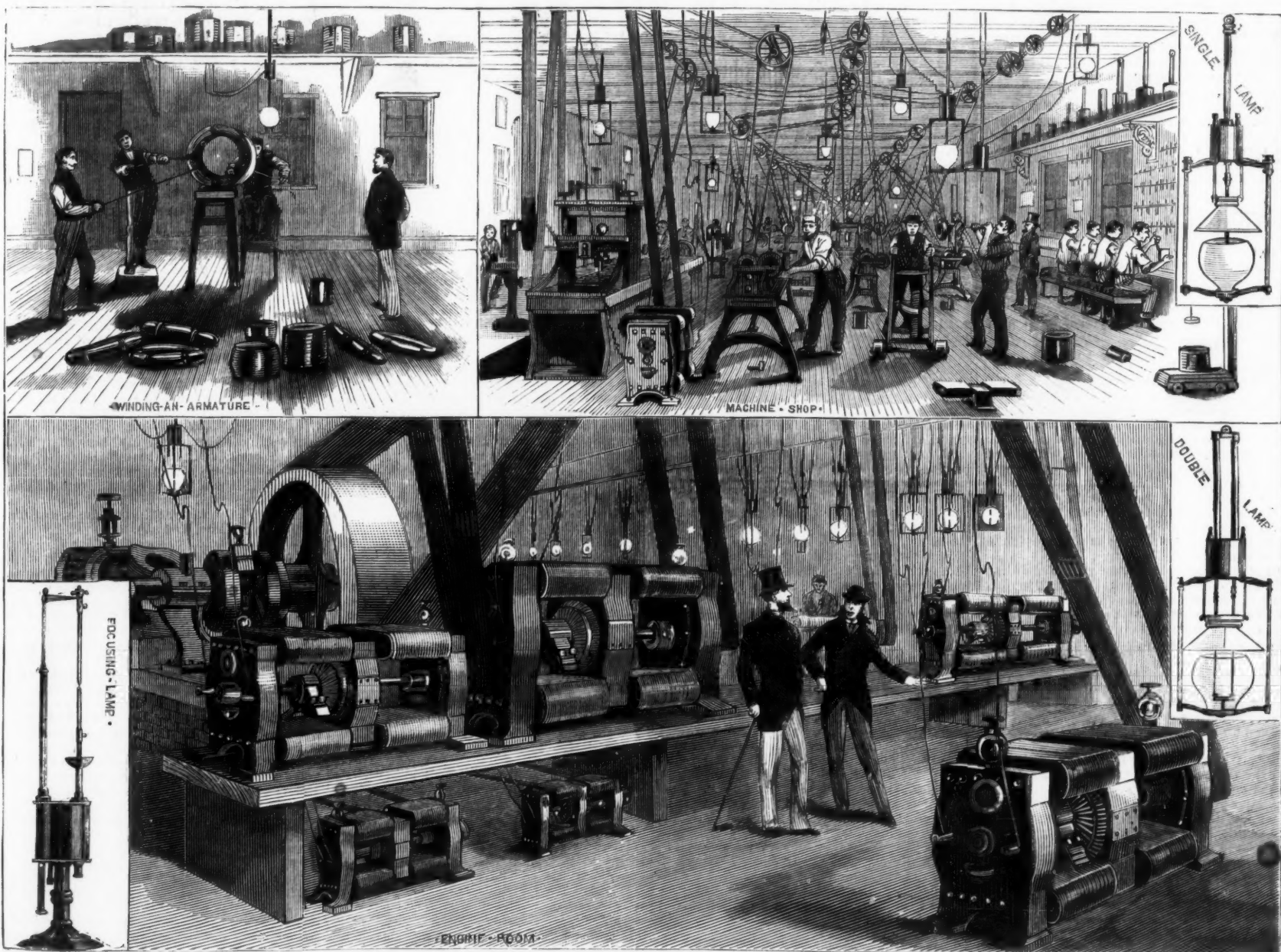
ASIA MINOR.—THE RUINS OF EPHEBUS.



GERMANY.—STATE BALL AT THE PALACE OF AROlsen, DURING PRINCE LEOPOLD'S RECENT VISIT TO WALDECK—ENTRY OF THE ROYAL PARTY.



THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.—DETERMINED TO STICK: AN INCIDENT OF THE OVERFLOW IN ARKANSAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 90.



NEW YORK.—THE MANUFACTURE OF ELECTRICAL MACHINES BY THE FULLER ELECTRICAL COMPANY, AT THEIR FACTORY IN BROOKLYN.—SEE PAGE 90.

SETTLING OLD SCORES.

By JOHN HABBERTON

IF ever a man had good reason to be satisfied with his lot in life it was Squire Sam Jones, of Little Bayou, just back of the Mississippi River, in the State of Illinois. The old gentleman had a large farm without a single mortgage on it; he had a good house, plenty of horses and stock, innumerable swine, and several well-filled barns. Aside from property that was merchantable, he had a wife who had been his sweetheart for a quarter of a century in spite of being married to him; he had a married son who had already run for the State Legislature, though unsuccessfully; and his two daughters, both old enough to have beaus, received so much attention that on Sunday nights the horses hitched in front of the fence of the old man's home suggested a cavalry bivouac during the war. As for the squire himself, he had enjoyed every honor that it was possible for any one in the county, excepting only the Presidency of the United States and membership of Congress, and to these positions he had modestly declined to aspire.

And yet Squire Jones was not always happy. Every man must have something to growl at occasionally, even it be only the family cat, and the squire's alleged torment was his neighbor Bilson, whose farm was on the opposite side of the bayou, and touched the Jones estate at the head of the little bay. When the river was low, and the bayou fell accordingly, Bilson, who was a New Englander, with a quality of thriftiness which Jones, being a Virginian, detested, had reclaimed an acre or two by first making a small levee and filling in behind it. The levee, or embankment, slightly overlapped Jones's side of the division line, so the squire wasted about a hundred dollars' worth of labor in cutting away the intruding portion. Then Bilson had his farm resurveyed, and found to his own satisfaction that he not only had not exceeded his own limits, but that a slice of territory about three hundred feet long and twenty feet wide, and previously occupied by Jones, belonged to the Bilson estate; so one night he moved the fence to the new line, and even had the impudence to charge Jones half cost of the removal.

The sum involved was about ten dollars, according to current county valuations of bayou land, but the litigation and bad temper to which the case gave rise could not possibly be indicated by any array of figures. Jones and Bilson were both church members in good standing, the latter being a Hardshell Baptist and the former a Methodist; but their religion did not prevent them attacking one another with lawsuits and bad language. Bilson sued Jones for cutting his levee; Jones retorted by suing Bilson for nearly a hundred fence-rails that he insisted had been surreptitiously removed during the change of the boundary line. Each man owned a Bible and a shady piazza on which to doze, so there was no need for them to encounter one another on Sunday; yet each man found some excuse to lounge on his own bank of the bayou on Sunday afternoons and hurl spicy language at his enemy whenever he made himself visible on the other side. Then Jones more than hinted to one of Bilson's sons that the Jones girls did not want any sons of a land thief hanging about on Sunday night, upon which the whole masculine section of the Bilson family electioneered against young Jones so vigorously as to defeat that youth in his race for a seat in the Legislature. All neighbors with a taste for meddling in other people's affairs took sides in the quarrel; and so matters stood one March morning a few years ago, when the river began to indulge in one of its customary Spring rises.

The river had filled its banks so many times in past years, yet failed to break through the little levees on the bayou that Jones and Bilson regarded the latest rise merely as an opportunity to get their crops to market without any wagoning, for small river steamers could come into the bayou, as they had often done before at high-water.

But on Sunday afternoon, after the squire had told his wife that he guessed he would go down and smoke a pipe on the bayou, and Bilson had said to Mrs. Bilson that he would just stroll down and see what the chance was of a steamboat coming into the bayou on the rise, and both men really went down to free their minds to each other, both were astonished and somewhat alarmed at seeing the water was already about as high as the levee could hold, and occasionally chips and sticks drifted up the bayou instead of down, thus showing that the water was still rising.

But the ruling passion was strong even in the face of danger.

"You'd better pile more dirt on that mean little hole of yours," shouted Jones, "unless you want to flood out better men."

"Pile dirt yourself, you old fool!" roared Bilson. "I'll sue you for damage if the water breaks through on your side and floods my land."

"Oh, you go steal fence-rails; that's more in your line!" exclaimed the squire; "they'll make a good fire for you to look at and think about your latter end."

"You go steal a twenty-foot slice of land," retorted Bilson, "and then bury yourself in it."

"Don't stand on that levee all the time," said the squire, "it'll break down under the load of meanness."

"Better get away from your levee before the water gets through," suggested Bilson; "floods are sure death to big hogs."

"I pose you want the flood to catch you, so you'll be sure of a good square Baptist immersion. 'Twon't save you, though; there ain't water enough in the Mississippi River to do that."

"Nor enough to put out the fire where you're going to live when you die," added Bilson.

"The fire'll go out in disgust trying to burn

the rascality out of you," said the squire, and then continued, pointing to one portion of his adversary's line, "the water's working through there now."

Bilson ran to the point indicated, and then yelled:

"That's a thoroughbred Methodist lie!"

Nevertheless, he quickly tore a handful of dirt and turf from the back of the embankment and crammed it into a little nook where the bank was rather thinner than elsewhere.

"Cram your head into it!" shouted the squire; "you'll never find a better place for it!"

"There's a place off to your right," said Bilson, with great deliberation, "that'll accommodate your whole body and save the spoiling of some decent cemetery ground!"

The squire looked, and saw that his enemy had told the truth, for over a very slight depression in his levee the water was working its way, perhaps not faster than a quart a minute, but the squire knew well enough that the soft vegetable mold of which the embankment was made could not long stand such a stream with a whole bayou of water at its back. He quickly tore up sods and trampled them into the depression, but his very energy made matters worse, for the well-soaked soil was displaced by his hard tramping and the break widened a little.

"That's right; make it as much worse as you can; ruin your neighbors and spoil your own place, so that they can't recover damages."

The squire had no breath with which to respond, for he was working hard; but when he heard a mighty splash and, turning, saw a portion of Bilson's levee, which had probably been honeycombed by crayfish, tumble in and drop Bilson himself into the bayou, he got his second breath as if by magic, and began singing derisively a Baptist camp meeting song beginning:

"There's a great baptizing by the river side," and he thrust his hands, muddy as they were, into the pockets of his Sunday clothes and gleefully contemplated his neighbor's endeavors to get ashore, shouting, "You'll get out all right; men that were born to be hanged can never be drowned."

The final landing of Bilson, who hurriedly moved homeward, enabled the squire to give his whole mind to his tiny crevasse, which certainly needed it, for, from being only an inch or two wide, it had broadened to a foot. He hurried to his barn, put horses to a wagon, and drove to a small clay-bank near his house for some heavy dirt; by the time he had reached the levee with this he found that the wagon-load was not more than enough. Bilson, assisted by two of his sons, was already at work upon his own break, into which he had put several sacks of oats, bags and all, and packed earth around them, regardless of the suggestion, which the squire found time to throw them, that he should put his sins into the hole because they were so much bigger and solid.

Both levees were fairly repaired at last, and the only land flooded was an acre or two directly behind Bilson's levee; but, towards dark, danger appeared from a new quarter. The levee on the river, not more than a mile from the two farms, had broken in an ugly way, so rumor said, and the water was spreading rapidly. This was no menace to human life, for none of the farms near by were more than two or three feet lower than high-water level; but it meant late plowing, ruined winter wheat, and a long season of chills and fever, for, after the crevasse was repaired, there would be no way of getting rid of the water on the land except through the slow natural processes of absorption and evaporation.

In spite of the entire safety of both families, however, and the need of men at the crevasse, there was the usual gathering of young men at Squire Jones's that Sunday evening, and each one came with a buggy instead of on horseback, and insisted on removing the object of his particular adoration to a place of absolute safety. But the squire sent them all away with a gruff hint that any young fellow who wanted to show regard for the Jones family could best do it by taking a shovel and hurrying up the river to the crevasse.

As for the squire himself, he proposed to look carefully to affairs nearer home. He got all his cattle and hogs into his barn, the floor of which was at least a foot above high-water mark, and he had a hired man help him drag a skiff, kept against such emergencies, from the barn to the house and pump water into it until its seams should be tight. The house itself was on ground too high for water to reach, but boats were occasionally handy as means of communication with the neighbors in flood times.

Then the squire went down again to look at his own levee for if this should break, the mending of the crevasse at the river would not save him. The night, although there was no moon, was light enough for him to see that no water was coming in, but he was not so sure about Bilson's side. He could see that his enemy was not there, so he determined that it would be safe to walk around the head of the little bay and inspect the scene of his neighbor's recent accident.

Somewhat to his disgust he found the late break as sound as his own, and was about to return to his residence when he thought he heard excited voices. Yes, there was no mistaking the sound, and one of the voices was Bilson's. The squire could not imagine anything but a fight that could be causing such excitement, so he made his way cautiously over corn-stubble and through an orchard, in the fond hope that he might see his enemy being soundly flogged by some one.

But the next sound that the squire heard—he wondered that he had not heard it before—was a dull, steady roar, like the coming of a Summer storm through a forest. Then through the darkness there seemed to be considerable movement by unfamiliar objects. A moment later the very soil in front of him

seemed to be in motion, and then his footing was uncertain and his ankles were wet, and he realized that a large portion of the Mississippi River had found its way through the crevasse, and that he was in the very pathway of the flood.

For a moment he tried to run away, but the man who would escape when the Father of Waters gets away from home and at his "go-as-you-please" gait needs a locomotive under him. The water deepened every second, and suddenly, just as the squire was losing his footing, he was struck by something that in the darkness looked like a mammoth, but was really a cow. He and the cow rolled over helplessly together until a floating well-house separated them and went its way before the squire could clutch it. Then the flood threw him against an apple-tree in such a position that he could not climb, and a small stick of wood, unpleasantly suggestive of a moccasin snake, glided across his cheek. A log soon came almost within reach, and by a desperate effort the squire got upon it, but he got off again with astonishing ease. Once more he caught the log and hugged it tight with arms and legs, but as he was the heavier body of the two, the log turned over before he could release it, and the time consumed in extricating himself under water seemed hours.

But still the flood whirled him along; occasionally he gained a footing, for the water was barely waist-deep, but his desperate endeavors to reach the bayou levee, and have solid ground on which to walk until he could reach his own plantation, were utterly unavailing. He was carried near the bayou, but not to it, for the flood moved inland as well as towards the south, and soon he found himself, in company with much other drift, approaching a forest that bordered upon his own farm.

Battered, powerless and exhausted, alone in the dark with a mighty enemy, the squire began to do some frantic praying. The many floating objects that he dimly descried, but could not distinguish, took strange shape before his bewildered eyes and made him almost mad with fright. Reaching the edge of the wood, the darkness deepened about him and he encountered one large tree after another, to his great discomfort. Suddenly, however, to his infinite delight, he stranded upon what seemed to be, and was, a large brush heap. It was not the sort of place which a man would specially choose to kneel upon, but as soon as the squire realized that he was really above water-level, and, better yet, that the heap was against a tree that would probably prevent it being washed away, he dropped upon his knees and made a long and grateful address to heaven, and meant every word that he said.

As he arose, very cautiously, the sound of rushing waters, and the noises made by animals that the flood was carrying along, were anything but cheering to a man in his position; besides, standing on a brush-heap, even by daylight, is not as easy as some other methods of supporting the human frame. He tried to lean against the tree, but as the brush had not been arranged with that particular object in view, one foot went all the way down to the water again, and the jagged end of a bough got inside of the leg of his trousers without exhibiting any respect for the rightful occupant of the said portion of his clothing.

Suddenly he thought he saw a log approaching the brush heap; the thought struck him that it probably came from Bilson's wood-pile. At any other time he would have declared his willingness to die rather than make use of any of his enemy's property, but now—well, the old man muttered: "I'd take help even from the devil on a night like this!"

So, with the hope of getting a log to sit upon, the squire cautiously laid down on his brush heap and reached for the dark object which by this time had stranded in front of him. But in an instant the squire exclaimed:

"Good heavens, it's some man's body!"

The squire had imagination like most other men, so within a few seconds he was almost frantic with dread at such grim companionship. He tried to push the dreadful object away, but somehow it would not go, but merely changed its position so as to bring its face directly in front of the squire's. There is not much to be seen on any face, living or dead, on a starlight night in the woods, nevertheless the squire fairly shrieked with horror. But the Joneses were always manly when in full control of themselves, and the squire's attempts to rally himself were soon successful. And then came to his mind and his lips the thought: "Perhaps he's not dead, after all! I was about used up myself when I reached this brush heap."

In an instant the squire was all man again, and afraid neither of ghostly company, or the rushing flood, or anything else. He felt the body all over until his hand reached the throat, then with a firm grip upon the unknown's collar, he gave a mighty tug and dragged the body towards him. He lost his footing, and lacerated his legs in the recesses of the brush-heap, and in extricating one foot he left the boot behind, but not a bit did he care; and not until he had the body on the extreme top of his uncertain standing-room did he pay the slightest attention to his own condition.

Then he felt the unknown's wrist, but could not distinguish pulsation. He placed his hand over the heart, and ejaculated to himself:

"No sign—yes—no, there isn't, either: he's a goner. Hello! that feels like something; let's try again. Confound it, I don't know whether it's in his heart or my hand. I wish my blood would stop bouncing so."

Then the squire tried to recall the directions for resuscitating drowning persons, which everybody has carefully read and forgotten. He turned the body over, face downward, to let water escape from the mouth; he turned it back, and tried to induce breathing by pressing the sides forcibly and then letting them go suddenly, and every moment he felt the heart for signs of life, sometimes believing that he

felt pulsations, and then assuring himself that he must have been mistaken.

Finally, the squire despaired of success. He had been working over the body for at least an hour, or so it seemed to him, and the two or three certain signs of life which he thought he had detected did not repeat themselves regularly as he supposed they should have done. Besides, the squire felt himself growing weak; he began to realize that he had been badly bruised while being dashed along by the flood, and a stream that trickled down his face in spite of frequent attempts to squeeze his hair dry was too warm to be water; in fact, he was bleeding more or less from half a dozen cuts and ugly scratches. What more could he do for his apparently lifeless companion?

Down upon his knees again went the squire, although by this time his knees had been scratched bare, and up rose his voice:

"Oh, Lord, I have done all for this man that my heart and hands can do; the rest is with Thee. In Thy mercy grant him his life again."

Then the squire had sought the heart of the figure before him, but an instantaneous answer to prayer was denied him, so he continued:

"Oh, Lord, he may not be much to Thee, but think how much he is to somebody else. He is some mother's son, perhaps some wife's husband, some child's father; grant him his life again. Thou hast spared me for those whom Thou hast given me; spare him also."

Kneeling with upturned face and upraised hands, the squire in his excitement lost his balance and fell sideways into the water, but his ardor remained unquenched as he crawled back again and resumed his kneeling position and his prayers:

"Oh, Lord, I don't know who the fellow is, and Thou dost; if I can care so much for an utter stranger's life, what ought the Lord to do? Oh, Lord, I will give Thee my darling sin, whatever it is, if Thou wilt give this man his life again; I will even stop hating Bilson, which Thou knowest will be an awfully hard thing to do; I will do—"

The squire's earnestness had been exceeding his strength; his head had begun to feel light, and suddenly his prayer ended, for he lost consciousness and fell in a heap.

As for his companion, who afterwards proved to be only severely stunned instead of drowned, he slowly recovered his senses; a dark night, a forest, a heap of brushwood under him, and a waste of swirling, noisy waters around, are not incentives to a speedy recall of fugitive faculties. He gradually recovered enough to partly raise himself and try to look around. The effort was too much for him, and he tumbled over, falling across the body of Squire Jones. He rallied immediately, for there was no mistaking the nature of the object upon which he had fallen.

"I alive and another man dead? I thank the Lord from my side of the house, anyway." Then he remarked, as quite natural: "Wonder where I am? Seem to be upon a lot of drift, and out in the woods but the Lord only knows what woods. Let's see; the water struck me about eight o'clock; the moon gets up about ten o'clock to-night; it wasn't two hours ago that the thing happened; it seems two years. Wonder who this poor drowned fellow is? I wish he was alive; this is the most lonesome place I ever got into!"

Again his curiosity manifested itself, and he tried to identify the insensible figure beside him, using his eyes and hands to the best of his ability.

"Clothes pretty much gone—no hat—only one boot—face all blackened with blood or something. Guess he's one of the fellows who were working at the crevasse. Well, 'pose he was? Guess he had a soul like all the rest of us; may God rest it and comfort any one who is mourning for him. Oh, how tired I am!"

The speaker was quiet for a moment, but soon began again.

"What a funny dream that was that came to me just before I woke up! I thought I heard Jones promising the Lord to forgive me, although 'twould be hard work. Well, confound him, he shan't get ahead of me, for I forgive him, right now and here, and everybody else that I ever had a grudge against. We're all poor critters; we don't know it generally, but we are, and a night like this explains it to us. If the Lord'll let me out of this scrape alive, I'll find out who this fellow is and look after his family. My! how dizzy that blow on the head has left me!"

Again the speaker felt feeble and rested his head in his hands, but only for an instant, for a low groan escaped from the recumbent Jones. Up sprang Bilson, regardless of the uncertain footing under him, and shouted:

"Glory to God! The cuss is alive!"

Bilson was an enthusiastic man, so in spite of his physical and mental condition he in an instant began, in the most honest way in the world, to do all sorts of uncalled for and uncomfortable things to the man who as yet was unknown to him, the result being that the squire speedily lapsed into the semblance of a dead man.

"I hope it wasn't his last dying groan," said Bilson, pausing only when entirely exhausted, and nearly pulling one of the squire's ears off in his final effort. "I think I'd be glad to save the life of the devil on a night like this—yes, and pray for his final salvation."

Again Bilson recovered his strength and devoted himself to shaking the limp limbs before him, rubbing the old man's head and doing various other things intended to restore life and admirably calculated to banish what slight spark might remain. And again his strength broke down, and he felt that with very slight effort he himself could die.

But as has been the case with many a better man; his spirit swelled while his strength weakened. So, as he sat there all unnerved, he groped feebly for one hand of the insensible man, and then he sat, praying silently but earnestly, for all lives in peril of the flood and particularly for the man who lay beside him.

While Bilson thus imagined himself alone with his Maker, the moon rose, and so did the squire; the moon looked through the trees and cast a beam of light upon the brush heap, and the squire cast a glance upon the face of the man beside him, exclaiming as he did so:

"Holy smoke! It's Bilson!"

And Bilson peered into the bruised, scratched and blood-stained face in front of him and exclaimed:

"If it isn't Jones!"

Neither man knew what to say next. Who would have known, under the circumstances? But Bilson did not drop Jones's hand, nor did Jones try to remove it. Finally, Bilson said:

"Neighbor, I ain't afraid to tell you to your face what I've been doing behind your back. I've been praying for you."

"Well, Brother Bilson," said Jones, trying to uncurl himself as he spoke. "I don't mind saying that I was playing 'low' how that knee hurts!—I don't mind sayin' that I was playin' the same game on you, until my head went back on me, and I kind o' disremember what's—my, my face must be cut somewhere, by the way it twitches. I kind o' disremember what happened afterwards."

Bilson was silent for a moment, and then he said:

"Brother Jones—I call you brother, if you are a Methodist. Brother Jones, I'm much obliged to you; from the bottom of my heart I am. I need all the prayers that I can get."

"So do I, Brother Bilson," said the squire. "You don't get ahead of me on that line. I'm a good-for-nothin' sinner, and I don't know no better man to own up to than you."

"I'm another, Brother Jones," said Bilson, "and I don't care who knows it."

"Well," said the squire, "as we're in the same boat, so to speak, I won't tell no tales, particularly as if the devil was to shake us both up in a bag, there's no knowing which would drop out first."

"You hit the nail on the head there, Brother Jones," said Bilson.

"Let's have a prayer-meetin', Brother Bilson," said the squire.

"I wonder if an experience meetin' wouldn't be better?" queried Bilson.

"Like enough," said Jones, "and I speak first. Bilson, I'm a quick-tempered, hot-blooded, pig-headed, wrong-hearted old rascal!"

"And I," said Bilson, "am a pugnacious, vindictive, malicious, infernal old fool!"

"Bilson," said Jones, "we wouldn't make a bad pair of twins, according to our own stories."

"Jones, I believe you," said Bilson.

"I want to say one thing though, Bilson," said Jones. "I once told your boys that they needn't hang around my girls; now, the fact is, that there aren't any young fellows in the county that would make better sons-in-laws, and I'd like 'em to go in and win if they know how to do it."

"An' if they don't do it," said Bilson, "they're a disgrace to their father an' mother, for there's no gals in the county that's better worth goin' for than yours."

"To the couple that's married first," said the squire, "I'll give all my land lyin' at the head of the bayou."

"They shall have mine, too," said Bilson; "an' Sunday afternoons—"

"I don't like to think about Sunday afternoons lately," interrupted the squire.

"Sunday afternoons," resumed Bilson, "we'll both sit on the young people's piazza steps and have a friendly smoke."

"And all old scores have been settled to-night?" said the squire.

"Every one," said Bilson.

All night long the two men chatted and became acquainted with each other, and in the morning, by which time the water was quiet, they waded through the lowland and reached the squire's house looking worse than any two tramps who had ever appeared in the county, but also looking very happy and friendly, as they remained for ever after.

And the young people? Oh! the young Bilsons appeared at the squire's house, in a boat, late at night, looking for their father, and found the Jones girls in tears over the supposed loss of their own parent. The boys offered their sympathies, which the girls accepted. Later in the evening the boys managed in some way to offer themselves also, and somehow they also were accepted, and the old men have not only two piazzas instead of one on which to smoke their pipes on Sunday afternoons, but they have at each house some little people who struggle for the privilege of filling pipes and lighting matches for their grandfathers.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE story of the attempted assassination of Queen Victoria, on the 2d of March, having been already told in our columns, only its more important facts need to be repeated. On reaching Windsor Station her Majesty left the train, and with Princess Beatrice had seated herself in the royal carriage, which, drawn by a pair of grays, had just started when the would-be assassin, Roderick Maclean, who was standing in the front row of spectators, drew a revolver from his breast and fired. At the instant of the report of the pistol a railway official and several Eton boys rushed forward, disarmed and arrested Maclean, who whined pitifully to his captors to protect him from the just indignation of the crowd. Her Majesty's carriage was driven towards the Castle as though nothing had happened, but the Queen's first care was to inquire as to the safety of her attendants, and her next to send cheerful telegrams to the Prince of Wales and the Premier, lest exaggerated reports might be circulated. Maclean, who was subsequently examined and held for trial, is undoubtedly a lunatic. When arrested he was in a wretched condition, and his own statement is that hunger drove him to the commission of the crime; though, with a cunning which is perhaps indicative of madness, he denies that he had any desire to do more than alarm the Queen, and thus call attention to what he considers to be his wrongs. The London Graphic says of him: "Mad or sane, he appears to have been a lazy, leading scoundrel, for whom no sympathy can possibly be felt; and, if

any crumb of consolation can be found amid the sad circumstances of the case, it is that the dreadful crime so happily averted was not the outcome of any political disaffection. It is to be hoped that we shall profit by the lesson recently set us by our American cousins in the trial of Guiteau, and dispose of Maclean as quickly and quietly as possible."

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

THE census reports make the production of sugar in the United States in 1879, 179,000 hogsheads, and of molasses nearly 17,000,000 gallons—a yield between two and three times as great as in 1870, but less in the matter of sugar than in 1860.

THE production of gold in the Victorian Colony, which fell off steadily from 1871 until it had sunk to 758,947 ounces in 1879, is rising again, and last year reached 877,073 ounces, valued at \$17,540,740, or not quite the yield of California, which produced about one-half of the \$38,900,000 mined in the United States during that year.

THE growth of the oleomargarine industry is shown by the fact that the quantity exported rose from 1,698,401 pounds in 1878 to 26,327,676 pounds in 1881, while the butter exports last year were only 21,331,358 pounds, against over 37,000,000 pounds the year before.

NOTWITHSTANDING the American competition which caused Swiss watchmakers great anxiety not long ago, their trade has been prosperous of late, and wages have been large, for Switzerland. But the financial crash in Paris and heavy losses in Vienna have affected the industry, and large orders for the French and Austrian markets have been countermanded.

THERE is a "corner" in quinine, and the price of the drug is unusually high all over the world. A syndicate was formed in London last December to buy all the Peruvian bark in the market and to force the price up. The managers of the syndicate held about 12,000 bales, and at once purchased 15,000 more—all that was then in London—together with a large quantity "to arrive." The price of bark at once went up to forty per cent, and quinine jumped from \$1.30 to \$2.50 an ounce. In a short time the operators had on hand 40,000 bales of bark, and at present are holding stock to the amount of little less than 60,000 bales—about two-thirds of the entire stock in all the markets. But consumers are economizing, jobbers are holding off for a decline and the corner will probably be broken.

The Case of Sergeant Mason.

THE popular movement in behalf of the pardon of Sergeant Mason, who was convicted and imprisoned for his attempt on the life of Guiteau, has attained almost national proportions. The almost universal conviction is that Mason's sentence was unduly severe, and petitions signed by hundreds of thousands of sympathizers have been sent to the President. The principal organized effort in the matter has been that of the Garfield Club, which has its headquarters at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York. During the whole of last week the members of this club were engaged in receiving and replying to letters applying for blank petitions requesting the President to commute the sentence of Mason. In three days blanks for 500,000 names were sent out in response to applications. In some cases, the blanks were returned with the signatures of all the operatives of large factories and business houses.

This popular movement is quite likely to accomplish the end aimed at. On Tuesday last Judge Advocate-General Swalm made a report to the Secretary of War upon the case of Mason, in which it is understood he recommends a modification of the latter's sentence, basing the recommendation on the ground that Guiteau was not in a position where he could possibly have been killed by Mason when the latter fired the shot, and that under such circumstances the charge of assault with intent to kill cannot be sustained. It is also said that the military court which tried Mason is shown by the review of its proceedings by Judge Advocate-General Swalm to have tried him upon a charge irregularly laid, and which, by all precedents, it will be necessary to set aside.

An Old Homestead.

ONE of the old homesteads of Hampton, N. H., has recently passed from the family name—a name which has been held from the first settlement of the town in 1639. The first house built on the place was burned in 1677. By the help of the inhabitants of the town another house was immediately put up, and stood for 105 years. This house was taken down in 1782, and another one built on the same site, the third house being still standing and in a good state of preservation. During the 242 years there have been forty-four births and nineteen deaths, at that place, of persons bearing the family name. Four of the deaths were of infants, two of persons of adult age, and thirteen of persons of mature years; the average age of the children was eighty-four years. Mrs. Susan Page, the last to hold the place in its old name, died last April at an advanced age. Her two daughters, Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Getchell now hold it.

Snuff-boxes in the Senate.

CAPTAIN ISAAC BASSETT, the time-honored doorkeeper of the United States Senate, completed his fiftieth year as an officer of that body on the 5th of December last. The Senators having determined to present him with a testimonial, subscribed for a gold snuff-box to be manufactured by Tiffany & Co., of New York. A few days ago it was received and presented to Captain Bassett by Senator Bayard, with a letter in which he feelingly alluded to Captain Bassett's long service, and the high regard entertained for him by all the members of the Senate. The snuff-box is of solid gold, of an antique pattern, and of beautiful workmanship. In raised letters on the lid is the following inscription: "Each member of the United States Senate has joined in presenting this testimonial to Isaac Bassett on the completion of the fiftieth year of his service as an officer of that body, in recognition of his personal worth and official fidelity. December 5, 1881."

Captain Bassett, in acknowledging the handsome testimonial, expressed his deep sense of gratitude to the donors, and said the snuff-box should be handed down, as a precious heirloom, to those coming after him. In concluding his letter accepting the gift, he gave some interesting snuff-reminders, as follows:

"Permit me in this connection to recall some reminiscences of the Senate and its presiding officers in the past. When Martin Van Buren was Vice-President, he was possessed of a gold snuff-box. He gave it to me in charge to keep well filled with snuff and see that it was placed on the Vice-President's table every day that the Senate was in session. At the end of every week thereafter he handed me fifty cents to pay for the snuff. When his term expired, I gave him the snuff-box. He left the city soon after, and forgot to give me the fifty cents that he had always given me at the end of the week. Henry Clay was very fond of a pinch of snuff and enjoyed it much. He would often stop in the midst of his speech and call to him a page to bring him a pinch of snuff, and if he could not see any one of the pages he would leave his seat and walk up to the Vice-President's table, take the gold snuff-box, take a pinch, and return to his seat and resume his speech. Richard M. Johnson and John Tyler were neither of them snuffers, and therefore I had to furnish my own snuff-box, but when George M. Dallas was Vice-President he brought

with him a very handsome gold snuff-box and gave it to me in charge, and after his time expired I returned it to him. When Millard Fillmore was Vice-President he objected to having a snuff-box on the table of the Vice-President, because, in his opinion, it interfered with the business of the Senate. Senators would come up and stop to converse with each other, and this disturbed him so much that he could not hear what was going on in the Senate. Ever since that period there has been placed on each side of the Senate a small snuff-box fastened to the wall."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Queen Victoria's Residence at Mentone.

Mentone, where Queen Victoria has taken up her temporary residence, is a small Italian town of twelve thousand inhabitants, situated nineteen miles east of Nice, on the Corniche Road to Genoa, at the foot of the Maritime Alps. It was the largest town of the Principality of Monaco before the cession of that Principality to France, but is only a mile and a half from the present frontier of the Kingdom of Italy, at Pont St. Louis, where the bridge spans a ravine 260 feet deep. The entire bay, from Cape Martin to Punta della Murtola, a width of five English miles, opening southeast, is divided into the western and the eastern bay, the town being placed between them; and the whole is completely sheltered by a grand amphitheatre of mountains, rising to 3,000 feet or 4,000 feet high, but with gently sloping hills, or rounded ridges, densely clothed with olives, descending from 1,500 feet to 500 feet, and to the seashore. These lower hills, intersected by frequent ravines and deep valleys, and covered with a luxuriant vegetation, present diversified and beautiful scenery. The East Bay is the most sheltered part, and here both orange-trees and lemon-trees yield their flowers and fruit in perfection. On this part of the shore is Mr. Charles Henfrey's villa—the Chalet des Rosiers—which has been offered and accepted for Her Majesty's temporary residence, and of which we give an illustration.

The New Solicitor-General for Ireland.

Mr. Andrew Marshall Porter, M.P., who was recently appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland in the room of Mr. W. M. Johnson, the present Attorney-General, and who in December last was elected a member of Parliament for Londonderry County, is the eldest son of the late Rev. John Scott Porter, of Belfast. He was born in 1837, educated at Queen's College, Belfast, and subsequently at Queen's University in Ireland. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1860, became Queen's Counsel in 1872, and a Bencher of King's Inns, Dublin, 1878. Mr. Porter now enters Parliament for the first time, having defeated his Conservative opponent, Sir S. Wilson, by 2,701 votes to 2,054, and is the fifty-first new member who has taken his seat since the last general election.

The Capital of Montenegro.

Recent reports from Montenegro give an interest to our illustration of Cetigne, the capital. It was said that the Montenegrin army was to be mobilized, and there were apprehensions that the Principality might be drawn into the struggle now in progress, although the complete occupation of the Crivoviste district by the Austrian troops would seem to discourage any intervention from without in behalf of the subjugated people. Cetigne, the capital of Montenegro, has a population of about 1,000; it is fortified, has a convent and a school, and on the plain below the hill on which it is situated is the Government House of the Principality. It carries on some trade with Dalmatia, the nearest port being that of Cattaro, on the Adriatic.

A Pompeian Child.

Among recent discoveries in the excavation of Pompeii there were found in a house, near to the second-floor window, the form of a little boy, apparently about twelve years of age, and also a gold bracelet and the skeleton of a woman, the arms stretched towards the child. The plaster-form of this woman could not be obtained, the impression being too much destroyed. It is evident that the mother, when the fiery mass descended, had put her little boy out of the window in the hope of saving him, and he must, no doubt, have been overwhelmed. The position of the left leg, indeed, seems to show that the child had lost one foot, or that it had been hurt or lamed, which may have been done by the burning substance that quickly overspread the floors of the house and the pavement of the street. Some think the boy was actually being raised and carried in his mother's arms at the moment when both finally perished. His left arm is close to the chest, as though wrapped in his toga or mantle, while the right arm (which has been broken off above the wrist in digging out the figure) was somewhat uplifted. The mother is supposed to have been a rich lady, seeing that she wore on each arm plain gold bracelets, each weighing about one ounce and a half. She also wore two massive gold finger-rings.

Ruins of Ephesus.

The present conditions of the site of the once proud City of Ephesus is strikingly shown by our illustration. Ruin and decay are everywhere. The ruins are extensive, but little is left of them except bits of wall and an arcade which once faced a quay, but is now, owing to the retirement of the sea, left miles behind. Some of the pillars of the aqueduct are still standing, but the arches are broken. They are two miles distant from the other ruins, and on them storks have built their nests.

The Channel Tunnel at Dover.

We have referred from time to time to the British Channel Tunnel scheme, and this week give an illustration showing how the Dover end of the tunnel is defended, in a military sense, by existing works. The length of the tunnel, under sea, from the English to the French shore will be twenty-two miles. At Dover the approaches to it will be completely under command of the guns of the fortress. A proposed railway-station on the side of the works at the west end of the cliff where the tunnel passes under the sea, will be directly under fire of the 80-ton turret guns on Admiralty Pier, and also from ships on the sea. The arrangements for flooding or otherwise blocking the tunnel will be under control from the fortress, and the air-compressing station will also be commanded both from the sea and from the pier, and also by the fortress guns. It is proposed also that the mouth of the tunnel and the hydraulic lift shall be commanded by guns, in casemates to be excavated in the solid cliff behind the station; these guns would be protected by iron shields, and their position, while it would afford a close and direct fire on the tunnel's mouth, could be made absolutely secure against escalade.

The Coming Royal Marriage.

The recent visit of Prince Leopold to the Prince and Princess Waldeck at Arolsen, preparatory to the marriage of the Princess Helena, soon to occur, was marked by royal festivities, a chief feature of which was a grand state ball. The scene was highly picturesque. At half-past eight the Hof Marshal ushered in the Princess of Waldeck, the Duke of Albany and the Princess Helena and suite. The Princess of Waldeck had on either side a daughter of the late Princess Alice, Princesses Victoria and Elizabeth, and introduced them to her guests. Dancing began with the Française and continued till half past nine, when supper was served in the Salon Pavé. In an hour's time dancing was resumed and kept up till twelve, when the guests retired. In a short time Arolsen was restored to its normal state of peaceful quiet, the early hour being the rule of the Court.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A GREAT international fisheries exhibition is to be held in London in May, 1883.

—THE Massachusetts House has passed a Bill permitting women to practice as attorneys-at-law.

—THE French Chamber of Deputies has appropriated 50,000 francs for the demolition of the ruins of the Tuilleries.

—THE project for removing the capital from Madison to Milwaukee has been defeated in the Wisconsin Legislature.

—AN oysterman of Rockville Centre, L. I., recently caught an oyster in which he found sixty-three pearls, some of them as large as a pea.

—A MAN by the name of Jones, living near Sheffield, Ga., plowed up a glass jar in his field a few days ago, containing several thousand dollars in gold.

—MOUNT ETNA threw out smoke and cinders for several days early in March, causing a panic among the inhabitants of the region, but no eruption has taken place.

—FRANK DOLAN, a boy of twelve, died last week at Girard College, Philadelphia, from compression of the brain caused by a blow accidentally inflicted by a playmate.

—A STEAMER which arrived at San Francisco last week reports the discovery of a new island in the Kurile group, between Japan and Kamchatka. An attempt at colonization will be made.

—GENERAL SKOBELEFF, speaking at a military banquet in his honor at St. Petersburg last week, toasted the British nation, and warmly alluded to the friendly relations between England and Russia.

—THE Duchess of Edinburgh and other leaders of fashion in London are trying to get people to commence their dances earlier, the hour for appearance having gradually worked as late as midnight.

—THE curious fact is developed by the report of the Superintendent of Education in Alabama that the average monthly pay of teachers in colored schools is larger than that in white schools—\$23.15 to \$22.98.

—A REMARKABLE temperance reform has been accomplished in Arkansas the last few months under the leadership of a woman, and prohibition is now rigidly enforced in many towns where rum-shops abounded a year ago.

—THE leading Independents of Georgia held a caucus last week, and formulated an address to the people, urging the formation of a new party and calling for a mass-meeting of all Georgia Independents at Atlanta, June 1st.

—AN Englishman, who is residing in Madeira for his health, claims to have invented a wonderful preparation from the eucalyptus plant, which is said to be marvellously effective in cases of consumption and particular phases of lung disease.

—THE King of Siam has decided to introduce the postal system, and also to construct several lines of telegraph, connecting Bangkok with the British system on the eastern side of the empire and the French lines now extending from Saigon through the Province of Cambodia.

—THE silver vase offered by the Yorktown Centennial Association "to the battalion which, during the encampment, presented the best military appearance," and won by the New Jersey troops, was formally presented to the State last week with appropriate exercises in the Legislature.

—ONE of the sights of the Capitol at Washington is a Persian, who fought on the Federal side during the war and is seeking a pension. He is of medium size, very dark skinned, has big black eyes, an enormous mustache, and abundant black curling hair that floats over his shoulders.

—A BILL has been introduced in Congress to appropriate not over \$10,000 to erect a monument at Washington's Headquarters in Newburg, N. Y., and aid in defraying the expenses of the centennial celebration there next year, to commemorate the proclamation of peace and disbandment of the army of the Revolution.

—THERE is a tremendous real-estate "boom" in Winnipeg, Manitoba; farms several miles from the centre, which were considered high last Fall at \$50 per acre, are this Spring considered cheap at \$1,000, to be cut up into building lots, and sanguine prophets predict that it will be the largest town in the Dominion before 1900.

—THE first train which attempted to cross the new bridge over the Middle River, on the Des Moines and Osceola Narrow Gauge Railway, at Lothrop, Iowa, last week, broke through when fairly on the bridge. An entire span gave way, the engine, two flat-cars and a caboose falling into the river-channel below, and six persons were injured.

—THE Connecticut Legislature includes so many smokers that the morning train from New Haven to Hartford, on which the members are always plenty, has to have two smoking-cars instead of one. The House has rejected a resolution designed to prohibit smoking during its sessions, and at committee hearings the smoke is intolerable.

—THE irrepressible McGarrahan claim appears again in Congress. The House Committee on Private Land Claims has reported favorably a Bill confirming the title of William McGarrahan to the tract of land known as the Rancho Panoche Grande, in California, and appointing a commission to decide how much damage, if any, he has sustained in consequence of the location of the New Idria Quicksilver Mining Company on this land, which the Government is then to reimburse.

—THE Pensions Arrears Act has so swamped the Pension Office that Commissioner Dudley, whose present force consists of 742 men, with annual salaries of \$855,000, estimates that to adjust within three years the claims now pending, will require a force 1,159 men, and an annual expenditure of \$1,957,000, while a corresponding increase of force and expenditures will be needed in the offices of the Adjutant-General and Surgeon-General, the Second Comptroller and Third Auditor of the Treasury.

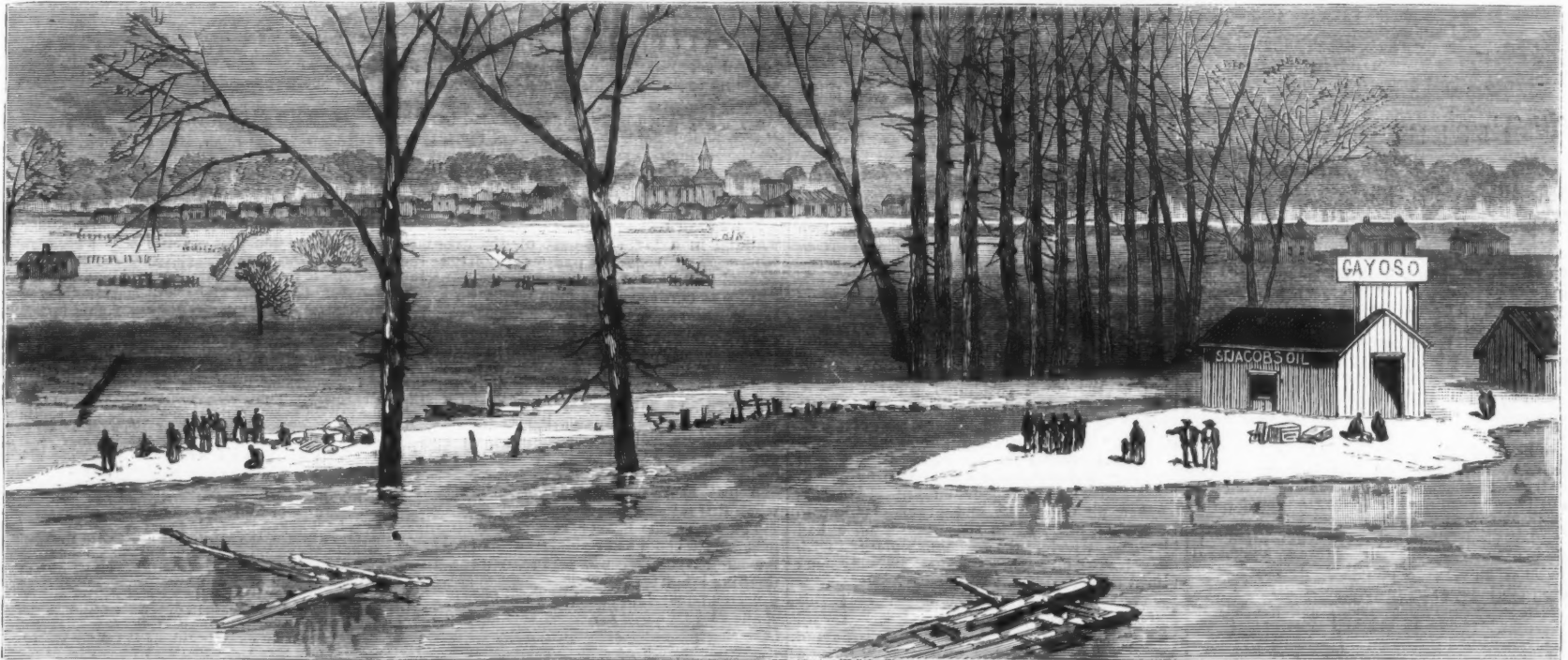
—THE second concert of the New York Chorus Society was given at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening last, preceded by a public rehearsal on Friday afternoon. The programme began with that lovely fragment, Schubert's unfinished symphony, which was played with all the grace and delicacy for which Mr. Thomas's orchestra is famous. Then Miss Cary sang the "Voi che Sapete" from Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," after which the orchestra, chorus and soloists, united in several scenes from Gluck's "Alceste" as arranged for concert performance by Mr. Thomas. In this selection the chorus did its best work. The male chorus was somewhat uncertain with Berlioz's selection from "Benvenuto Cellini," and in the concluding bresto of the "Gloria" from Beethoven's "Missa Solenne," barely escaped a breakdown. But the "Kyrie" from the Mass was well done. This Mass is the most difficult vocal composition ever written, and even a failure is honorable in it. But there are yet two months (nearly) for further rehearsal in it before it is again heard at the May Festival. A supplementary movement to the "Ocean Symphony," by Rubenstein, was the other number of the programme.



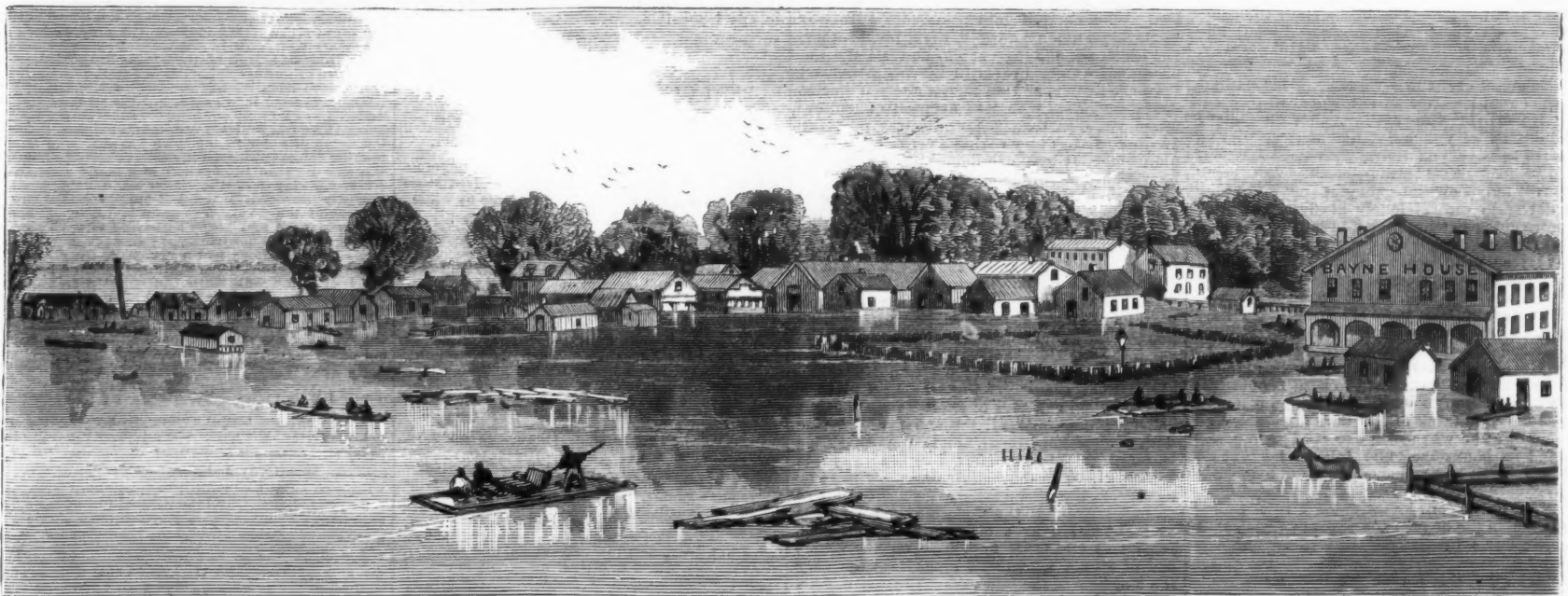
MASSACHUSETTS.—THE LIBRARY IN THE HOME, AT CAMBRIDGE, OF THE LATE HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.—SEE PAGE 91.



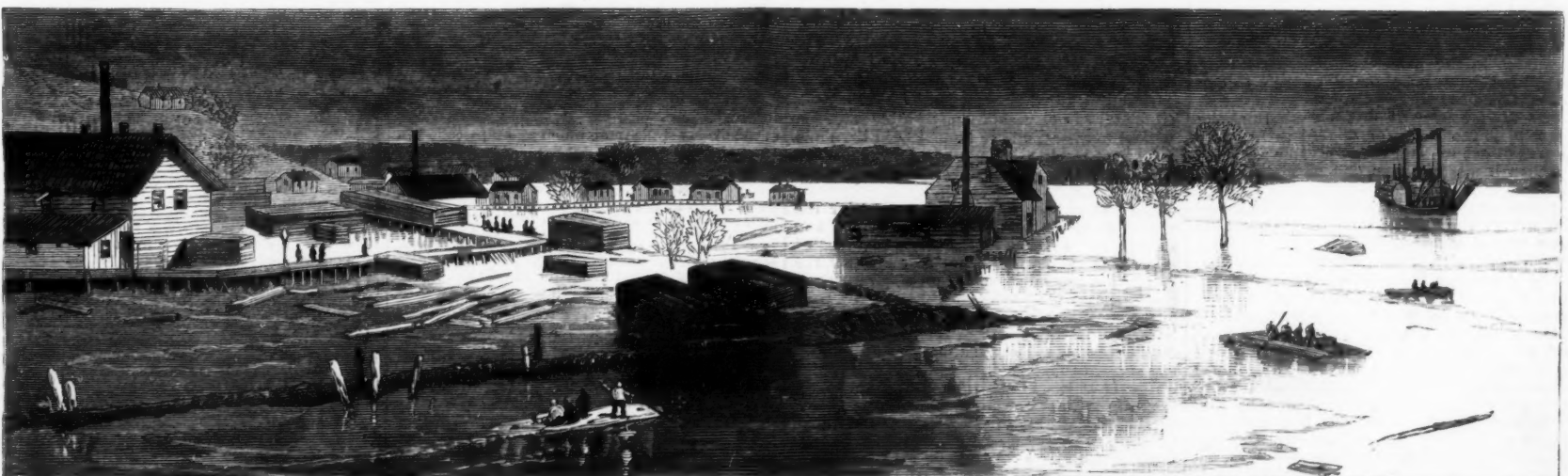
MISSOURI.—COTTONWOOD POINT, FOUR FEET UNDER WATER—COMMUNICATION KEPT UP BY "DUGOUTS."



MISSOURI.—GAYOSO, THE CAPITAL OF PEMISCOT COUNTY, COMPLETELY SUBMERGED.



MISSOURI.—NEW MADRID, THREE FEET UNDER WATER.



KENTUCKY.—THE LOWER PORTION OF HICKMAN SUBMERGED FROM THE RIVER TO THE UPLANDS.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.—VIEWS OF SOME OF THE INUNDATED RIVER TOWNS.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 90.

LOVE'S END.

WELL, dearest, well!
Let us not sigh and make complaint;
No tongue can tell,
Nor voice of prophet, seer, or sage, or saint,
Why Love's sweet day
Must pass away!

Roses in June
Are full and sweet, and fair to look upon;
But soon, ah! soon,
They, too, beyond our longing sight have gone,
For they, too, may
Live but their day!

And so, bright eyes
That halt the morning time of life, should look
With glad surprise
Through the fair pages of Truth's poem-book;
Nor care to stray
Beyond to-day!

Then, ah! my love,
Since all things glad and beautiful must pass,
Why try to prove
Sweet passion's immortality! Alas!
The while we pray
It slips away!

Nay, dearest, nay,
Our kisses are all kissed—we thrill no more;
Our gods were clay,
Their broken fragments strew the sunlit floor,
And we, as they,
Must pass away!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

AN hour later my lady appeared in Gwendolen's sitting-room with an armful of flowers.

Gwendolen was lying on a lounge in a nest of cambric and lace, with knots and ends of blue ribbon peeping out everywhere—one of my lady's own robes de chambre, which she had sent to her by her maid.

"Thank you so much for this wrapper, dear gran'ma," said Gwendolen. "I do so hate black!"

"And you should never wear it, for it makes you look too white. I don't think I ever saw such a fair skin," said my lady, who would have liked to darken, with nips and pinches, the lovely hand and arm held out to receive her fragrant offering. That circus-rider daring to call her "gran'ma!" *Vulgar, low-bred creature!*

"Please put them all right into my lap. I do so love flowers!"

"What flowers do you have in America?" asked my lady, graciously.

"Oh, everything!—japonicas, and heath and tuberose. I used to get bouquets of 'em—so big! Have 'em thrown to me—Oh, I forgot! Lionel says I must not talk about those times."

"Not to others, when you begin to see our friends, but to me. You know I am the nearest relation you have living, and I shall like to hear all about those times," said my lady, smiling. She was in hopes something about Bacio might occur in Gwendolen's revelations if she could lead her on to make any.

"How good you are! And I thought I shouldn't like you a bit, and that 'twould be horrid to have you living with us!" ("So I might possibly have been turned out of the Court!" was my lady's mental comment.) "You know it did seem awfully lonely at first, but now you're going to tear down all that black stuff—I used to taste crape all the time—and let me have plenty of flowers round me, I guess I shall get to be contented."

"I hope you will, my dear, although you will naturally miss your old friends," said my lady.

Gwendolen—poor, foolish thing!—blushed.

"Gracious!" said she, "I did feel so kind of strange at first, that I used to wish I could just see him for a little while, even when it frightened me so to think of him that I trembled all over. But he was always so good to me, and—and so handsome; and I liked his ways—they were so soft to me, so fierce to every one else."

With diabolical joy my lady saw Lionel standing in the door of the room in which they were; but, without appearing to see him, she asked:

"Who was this person?"

"He was called Antonio, and we were to have been married. Then—wasn't it dreadful, gran'ma? I found out, after I was married to Lionel, that I loved Tonio the best!"

Lionel started, drew back, and disappeared.

"I used to cry, dear gran'ma," sighed this silly lamb to the wolf, listening with greedy ears, "but now I feel so different. I love Lionel with all my heart, and only feel so very, very sorry for poor Tonio. I don't think he meant to do that dreadful, wicked thing. But he used to get so angry—it was like a flash—and then it was all over, and he was the first to say he was sorry."

"But that wouldn't prevent us from having him arrested and sent to prison, should he come around here!"

"Oh! I hope he'll stay away!" said Gwendolen. "I never want to see him any more, but I wouldn't like any harm to come to him, he was always so good to papa, and paid the doctor's bill, and everything for burying him, and bought me black things to wear, for I hadn't any money, and it seemed so dreadful to be goin' around in colors, just as if I didn't care for pa, whether he was dead or not. Poor, dear pa! He thought a heap of Tonio, and he was good to me when there wasn't any one else to care if I was dead or alive!"

And Gwendolen began to weep at the recollection of those dark days when she had been first left alone in the world, forlorn and friendless, and Lionel coming into the room found

her crying. He was very pale, and his young face looked haggard and drawn.

"What is the matter?" he asked, coldly. "I was thinking of poor, dear pa."

"Say papa, or father, if you please. It sounds better."

"He never used to say anything when I called him pa!"

"Who?—Backo!"

Then Lionel left the room, and my lady followed him.

"You—weren't in that next room?" she asked.

"I was—and—and I am not surprised by what I heard, though it was a shock. Of course, she couldn't learn to love me and to unlove him all at once! But the very frankness of her confession to you proves there was nothing more."

"I am very glad to hear you say that. I was afraid—men are so jealous!"

"I am scarcely a man yet," said Lionel, a little sadly; "but I shall never be jealous as long as an ocean of salt water and a sea of blood lie between me and the object of my jealousy."

My lady could scarcely repress her exultation, but she did, and I don't think Lionel would have remarked it had she given vent to it, he was so shaken by his young wife's confession. But he was very gentle with Gwendolen, and neither by word or sign did he let her know what was lying like a weight at his heart.

CHAPTER XIII.—MY LADY STRIKES THE FIRST BLOW.

ILFRADON PRIORY is separated from Charnwood Court by the breadth of the Chase. It is the seat of the Earls of Ilfradon, and had been formerly a Priory, as the name conveys. It, however, more strongly resembled a castle, or other place of defense, with its massive stone front, flanked by two towers, which, warlike as they looked from the outside, were famous for containing the most charming breakfast-room, boudoir and summer-parlor in all the vicinity, all of them being painted and fitted up in the Pompeian style. There was also in the courtyard at the end of the entrance hall a receptacle for rain-water, with a fountain its centre, and the floor of the court was filled in with mosaic tiles, also in the Pompeian manner, and around it was an open gallery supported by fantastically twisted and gilded pillars, and having niches at intervals for the reception of statuary, and enormous vases with figures in black-and-white on backgrounds of the strange, sombre pink-and-blue and green peculiar to Pompeian art, and in these vases once had bloomed wonderful, gorgeous plants, with fiery leaves and many-petaled, strongly perfumed flowers.

Thirty years before the opening of this story, when my lady was the most beautiful young widow in all England, the then Earl of Ilfradon had died, and being supposed to be a bachelor, and, consequently, *sine prole*—as the law terms have it—the title and estates devolved upon his younger brother, St. John St. Clair, who entered into possession. He was unmarried, much younger than his brother, good-looking and agreeable, and all the unoccupied female hearts in the neighborhood began to flutter, and all the female tongues to decry my lady, who was accused of looking much younger than she really was, of being painted, and of wearing very coquettish mourning. It was also thought that she might be satisfied with being already "my lady," and with having "worried one husband into his grave." But my lady seemed to fancy the English countess a more solid and valuable possession than her Spanish title, and it was soon evident to every one that she meant to be Countess of Ilfradon. The intended bridegroom made her the most magnificent presents, and it was then that the Pompeian rooms were fitted up, and the gallery built around the old courtyard, the mosaic pavement laid, and the fountain ordered direct from the most noted Italian sculptor of the day. But, the first night it played, when garlands of exotics wreathed the gallery pillars, and all the court was ablaze with colored lanterns, and the sparkling waters leaped and fell, liquid rubies, emeralds and sapphires, in the many-colored coruscating lights of the fireworks which hissed and crackled around the fountain and its vast basin, bordered by a circle of fragrant blossoms, two strangers appeared on the scene, one of whom announced himself as the only son and heir of the late earl; the other was his lawyer, who brought with him papers which fully confirmed his client's claim, and St. John St. Clair found himself not only deprived of title and estates, but of a wife also, for my lady decided that she had no wish to change her condition, unless she could better it, and gracefully withdrew from her engagement. St. John St. Clair disappeared—some people said he had killed himself—and the new earl, having taken possession, shortly after returned to the Continent, where he had been born and had spent his life, his mother having been a German countess, and where he himself had also married.

The Priory was closed and put under the care of an agent, who had installed a man and his wife as its keepers; the gilding had faded in the long gallery, the fountain was silent, the Pompeian rooms lay in darkness behind their closed shutters, and the shrubbery grew rank in the neglected grounds. But now, after this long interval, there were rumors of the earl's intended return. The shrubbery was trimmed, the lawn mown and rolled, a gardener came up from London, a troop of assistants appeared, an army of house-cleaners were engaged, and the Priory, awaking from its slumbers, began to wink with its many glittering casements from under their overhanging ivy-wreaths, and the great gateway yawned to admit the heavily-laden wagons that rolled in under its stately arch.

With the earl were coming his wife and son

and daughter. The daughter was said to be about sixteen years of age, a beauty and an heiress, having inherited a fortune from her father's mother, the German countess already mentioned.

When my lady heard this news, she gave the unconscious Gwendolen a terrible look.

"Had it not been for you," she was thinking, "Lionel might be the son-in-law of the Earl of Ilfradon!"

Lionel told Gwendolen the news.

"There is a daughter who will be a friend to you," he said. "We will have a nice path made across the Chase, so that you may run over there whenever you feel inclined."

Gwendolen smiled sweetly in response. She was looking very lovely at this time, having a pure, brilliant color in her cheeks, which admirably suited with the glittering abundance of the fair hair braided around them, and with the velvety darkness of her eyes. Her sweetness and helplessness endeared her to Lionel more and more. The Amazon in her was subdued. Even her voice lost its high notes and grew liquid and even, and all her movements had merged their bounding grace in a languor and gliding gentleness of motion like that of the swans on the surface of the Dark Pool, and over such a dark pool was this white little creature unconsciously moving, waiting for the touch of the hateful hand that should engulf her in the waters.

The touch came at last. One morning Stephen Brandon appeared and announced that he had secured Bacio, who was ready to do anything required of him for a handsome sum of money.

My lady, urged by her anxiety to rid herself of Gwendolen before the arrival of the family at the Priory, agreed to give him what he should ask, and arranged an interview with him that they might combine their plans of operation.

It was towards evening, and Gwendolen was walking in a favorite part of the grounds, where great beds of pansies carpeted the ground with their velvet, and one side of the walk was bordered by a long trellis, up which the tri-colored honeysuckle climbed, hanging out its twisted, fragrant horns.

The sun was setting, and the honeysuckle sent out such volumes of odor in the freshening air that Gwendolen, feeling a little faint, sat down on a garden-seat. She heard a step approaching, and, thinking it was Lionel coming back—he had been sent for by my lady—did not raise her eyes from the pansies he had gathered for her, and which filled her lap. She had been fastening them in her braids when this faintness overcame her.

The step came nearer, stealthily and quick-paced, as when a tiger steals on his prey, and Gwendolen looked up, saying, with a little thrilling laugh:

"This pansy looks just like my lady."

She paused suddenly, for Bacio stood before her.

She looked up at him for an instant, with eyes which seemed to grow purple like the pansies in her lap, and then sank back against the seat, all the color stricken from her face, totally insensible.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT CAVELLIER, SIEUR DE LA SALLE, AND THE CENTENARY OF HIS TAKING POSSESSION OF THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON the 9th of April, Louisiana will commemorate an event that took place two hundred years ago. This was the formal act of La Salle by which, after descending the Mississippi to its mouth, he took possession of the river and the valley it watered in the name of Louis XIV. of France. A rude cross and pillar were set up on the highest spot above the turbid waters, and inscriptions, "LOUIS LE GRAND, ROY DE FRANCE ET DE NAVARRE, REINE, LE NEUVIEME AVRIL, 1682." "Ludovicus Magnus Regnat." A notary drew up the official record of the ceremony, and on that ceremony France laid claim to the territory from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains. Under this she based her claim to the Ohio, which led to Washington's fray with Jumonville, opening a war that swept all French power from North America. The event is, therefore, worthy of a commemoration.

Robert Cavellier, the central figure in the ceremony, is one of the romantic personages of French-American history, and writers have delighted to exalt him into a hero. There has rarely been fame reared on a slighter foundation. A haughty, tyrannical, overbearing man, without magnetism to win followers, he sought to command; without any topographical tact or knowledge, he wished to be a great explorer; destitute of financial and commercial skill, he aimed at a great monopoly in the fur trade; without naval or military experience, he offered to conquer Northern Mexico with two hundred Frenchmen and an imaginary Indian army, and actually took command of a naval squadron to carry out the wild scheme. When he passed away, nothing permanent remained to attest the time and means he had wasted.

He was a native of Rouen, born there in 1643 of a well-to-do bourgeois family, and as his brother was a missionary in Canada, he came out to seek his fortune. He obtained a grant of land near Montreal, and finding in the town a blacksmith of his name, Robert Cavellier, adopted the aristocratic style of "De la Salle." One of his first projects was to reach China by way of the Ohio, which he supposed to run westward to the Pacific. On the failure of his first effort the Canadian nicknamed his place in Montreal island "La Chine," or "China," a name it bears to this day. He seems then to have visited the south shore of Lake Erie, ascended the Maumee, and, perhaps, reached a branch of the Ohio. Having won the favor of the great governor Frontenac, by his hostility to the clergy of Montreal and by reporting their sermons, he obtained a grant of Fort Frontenac. He rebuilt the rude work, built sloops to ply on Lake Ontario, passed above Niagara Falls where he built the *Griffin*, the first sloop to sail on the upper lakes, and in her with a party reached Mackinac and Green Bay. Contrary to his patent, he here bought furs, and sent the vessel back to Niagara in order to meet the immense debts he had contracted in unavailing property. He then, by the St. Joseph, reached the Illinois River, and began a rude fort near the present Peoria, and a vessel to descend the Mississippi to the Gulf, Marquette and Joliet having already descended to the Arkansas. Hearing nothing of the *Griffin*, he started back to Canada, to find that it had perished in a storm or been destroyed by treachery. During his absence the Iroquois broke up his post in Illinois, and all his labor was lost, the only addition to knowledge being Hennepin's exploration of the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony.

In 1682 he was again in the West, with schemes of conquering Northern Mexico, a Spaniard, Peñalosa, who had been Governor of New Mexico and penetrated to the Missouri, having gone to France and offered his services, making it certain that the Spaniards had not yet occupied the mouth of the Mississippi.

This time La Salle abandoned the St. Joseph, and taking the way by Chicago, which Joliet advocated and he had denounced, he reached the Mississippi at last, February 6th, 1682, and in canoe descended to the Gulf, where, as we have seen, he planted the arms of France. His subsequent career may be briefly told. He returned to France and proposed to Government the conquest of the rich Mexican mines, designing to erect a fort on the Mississippi between the Illinois and the Gulf as the base of his operations. Peñalosa proposed to do the same with the buccaneers of Santo Domingo, capturing Panuco and making it his chief post. The Government combined the plans. La Salle sailed with three vessels, reached Texas and disembarked in Espiritu Santo, or Matagorda Bay, expecting to be followed by Peñalosa with a large force. Histories generally pretend that he was carried there by the treachery of Beaulieu, a navy captain commanding one of his vessels, but the documentary evidence shows that La Salle acted purposely. Beaulieu left him, after offering to procure him relief, as one of his vessels went ashore; then La Salle for two years roamed through Texas, merely building a sort of fort on the shore, attempting no cultivation, no trade, no exploration to reach the Mississippi by sea or land, even after he formed a friendly alliance with the Combs or Assinails. At last, not far from the Trinity, while making a desperate effort to reach the Mississippi, he was murdered early in 1687 by one of his fellow-townsmen who had invested largely in the undertaking as a genuine attempt at colonization, and who was stung by the harsh and overbearing treatment he received. Some of the survivors of his party, without much difficulty, reached a French post on the Arkansas, and by way of Illinois made their way to Quebec and France.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

THE Mississippi River, after rising for weeks and reaching a higher point than was ever before known, is at last falling, and the great floods which have desolated the Southwest are beginning to subside. Fuller reports more than confirm early estimates of the extent of the disaster. In Mississippi alone no less than nine counties, with a population of over 100,000, have been entirely submerged, while portions of four others are partially inundated. The number of sufferers who are absolutely dependent on Government aid in this State is placed at 60,000, and they will need rations for at least thirty days to come. One hundred and fifty thousand rations have been already distributed in the overflowed sections from Memphis to Greenville, and 38,000 rations have gone up the Sunflower, Tazoo and Tallahatchie streams. At New Orleans rations have been issued for 22,000 persons for fifteen days, and the commissioners have applications for rations for 40,000 persons. The Government relief steamer *Amber*, which was sent down the river from St. Louis, found many people who had been camping for days on dry spots of ground or cooped up in lofts of houses or huddled together on roofs. Many of them were suffering from hunger, and all were utterly destitute, having lost everything they possessed. As the water subsides, the country is filled with the stench of animals which have been drowned, and serious outbreaks of malaria are imminent all through the valley.

It is too early to decide how seriously the crops will be affected, and much will depend on the rapidity with which the water subsides. A Memphis authority in cotton matters thinks it will be the 1st of June before the land will be in condition to plow, and that it will not be possible to raise more than half a crop in the overflowed region, which produces ordinarily about a fifth of the country's total production. The loss of stock, the damage to farm buildings and other misfortunes to the dwellers in the valley still further increase the proportions of the disaster.

We illustrate four of the towns inundated, as sketched by our special artist in passing down the Mississippi from St. Louis. At New Madrid, Mo., passengers were taken on board the steamer from dugouts which rowed out from the uplands, the town being three feet under water. At Cottonwood Point, the depth of water in the town was over four feet, making communication impossible except by boats. We also give an illustration of a scene near the river, showing how the owner of a log-hut apparently proposed to "stick it out" until the subsidence of the flood. The man and a negro had anchored raft and heavy logs close to the house, and then placed thereon their live stock, hens and geese in crates, hogs and a mule. As the steamer passed the negro raised a white cloth from a pole in the roof of the hut, while the white man sitting on the roof contentedly smoked his pipe. The man was in the same position when the steamer passed a week before, and the supposition was that he intended to remain there until the water should subside.

LIGHTING BY ELECTRICITY.

AMONG all the useful appliances which now contribute to the happiness and well-being of the race, enlarging its scope and developing its resources, few, if any, have made so rapid advances within so short a time, in practical application, as the electric light. While the general public are still very little acquainted with its production, either as a science or as a manufacturing industry—for such it has already come to be—the people of many of the smaller towns and villages in this country, as well as of the principal cities both in Europe and America, are now familiar with this brilliant illuminant, which more clearly resembles the light of the sun than any other means of artificial lighting yet discovered. There seems little reason to doubt that this is to be the light of the future. Then, too, the discovery of the practicability of the storing of electrical energy certainly renders possible and probable the theory that the tremendous forces of nature which are now allowed so carelessly to run to waste may be put to use very much as we might preserve anything else for future use. The waterfall, the current of the restless river, or even the wind, by the agency of the dynamo machine and storage battery, may ere long compete with the powers of steam. Recent developments have shown the capability of transmitting power by electricity over a length of fifty miles. It is suggested that in time even coal can be dispensed with—that even heat may yet be laid in our houses by wire as easily as light and force. Professor Sylvanus Thompson lately observed: "A tenth part of the tidal energy in the Valley of Severn would light every city, and another tenth would turn every loom, spindle and axle in Great Britain." If this is so, what shall we say of the marvelous force of our own great cataract of Niagara? In addition to this, the thought occurs that by facilitating the distribution of force it will tend to promote decentralization, and possibly bring about a more equal distribution of wealth—for electricity does not necessitate a concentration of capital as does steam. "Steam blew up aristocracy, but plutocracy may be smitten by the thunder-bolt."

Although in its infancy, the electric light is already a satisfactory light. Improvements in its form and applicability will, no doubt, be made as time goes on, as is true in the development of all useful appliances, and these improvements, by perfecting it will multiply its uses, and lead to its rapid and almost general adoption. It has been

said that electricity is doubtless the "light of the universe"; that the planets revolving around the sun generate currents of electricity which are conveyed to the central orb and there create and maintain this light, and that the sun itself is but a carbon point, where the currents from the entire planetary system meet and make a great lamp which supplies our planet and all planets with light and heat. No force is ever lost, and the force exerted by the revolving earth may create the electric currents which in turn give it light and heat and keep it in its orbit. Who shall say that this is not strictly true?

There seems to be a very general misapprehension as to the office of the "arc" and "incandescent" lights, which are by many supposed to be opposing forces, one of which must sooner or later yield to the inexorable law of "the survival of the fittest," and be destroyed by the other. The fact is, that they are scarcely in conflict at all, and that their adaptability to specific uses is almost as separate and distinct as the steamship and the locomotive. The incandescent light will never be employed to any great extent for the lighting of streets, parks, or other outdoor spaces, nor for the lighting of very large indoor spaces, because it can never compete in point of economy or volume of light with the arc system, while for the lighting of dwellings and small spaces it possesses manifest advantages.

Concerning the methods of the production of this new illuminant, we publish an interior view of a portion of the manufactory of the Fuller Electrical Company, together with illustrations of some of the principal features of the apparatus manufactured by it. The first requisite in obtaining the electric light is to generate the necessary electric current. This is done upon the simple and, for many years, well-known principle—discovered, we believe, by Faraday—that the passage of certain metals across the "field," or "line of force," of a magnet, near to it, but without touching it, produces a slight current of electricity which will flow from one end of the piece of metal to the other. This principle has been elaborated in many ways by many different scientists, inventors and students, involving tedious and expensive experimentation. The best results for the purposes of electric lighting are now, we think, generally admitted to be obtained by what is known as the Gramme principle, each of the several companies comprising the Gramme Association having adopted differing forms thereof adapted to features of mechanical construction each peculiar to itself.

The current generated by the Fuller Company's dynamo machine, of which a cut is shown on page 92, is claimed to produce the largest volume of light by the least expenditure of motive power of any yet constructed, and the light is of purest white quality. This machine is the result of many experiments carried on by the company since the death of Mr. J. B. Fuller in 1879—whose electrical inventions gave name to the company—and it has been brought to its present efficiency chiefly by the ingenuity and efforts of Mr. James J. Wood, the electrician of the company. These generators are made of several different sizes, adapted to one, two, three, ten, twenty and thirty lights each. The smallest of them occupies a floor space of only ten by twenty-four inches, weighing 250 pounds, and the largest a floor space of eighteen by forty inches, weighing less than 3,000 pounds. The larger sizes require less than three-quarters of a horse-power per light of 2,000-candle power, while the smaller sizes require about one-horse power per light of equal volume. These machines require to be driven at a high and even rate of speed—say from 800 revolutions per minute in the larger machines to 1,500 in the smaller; but their construction is so substantial and perfect that this high rate of speed may be continued an indefinite time, without the slightest injury. Any part of these generators can readily be replaced, as the parts of machines of the same size are constructed so as to be interchangeable.

Each of the machines adapted for ten lights and more, is supplied with an appliance called a current regulator, by means of which a less number of lights than the maximum capacity of the machine can be maintained in operation, as may be required. The lamps used to operate in connection with these dynamo-electric machines are ingenious and interesting pieces of mechanism, but withal quite durable and simple. They are so made as to operate equally well, whether burning singly or in a series comprising many lamps. The single lamps consist of a hollow, suspended tube—a cylinder containing the mechanism for regulating the movement of the positive carbon pencils—the frame between the side bars of which the carbon points are placed, and also the globe and shade (when they are used), and of the bottom plate which contains the negative carbon holder. This lamp burns continuously without renewal of carbons for about eight hours. The automatic duplex carbon lamp is of similar construction, except that there are two suspending tubes, and the mechanism in the cylinder, although single, is so arranged as to operate two sets of carbon holders, changing the electric current automatically from one to the other when required; and the bottom plate contains two negative carbon holders. This lamp is expressly intended for use where light is required to be burned during the whole night. The focusing lamp is so constructed as to maintain the burning point of the carbons always in the same focus, and is especially designed to be used with a reflector or projector. It is arranged so as to fit both carbons with a positive motion, and is a very handsome and ingenious piece of mechanism. The base of this lamp is provided with a simple form of adjustment to remove possible trouble in case either of the carbons should burn faster than its proper proportion, and it operates perfectly in series with single and duplex standard lamps. An automatic cut-out is attached to the lamps made by this company, so that in case of defective operation of one lamp by accident or otherwise, or in case the carbons in one have burned out before the others in the same series, such lamp or lamps are instantly cut out of circuit automatically without extinguishing or injuring the other lamps in the same series. The lamps are all provided, in addition to this, with a hand-switch for cutting the lamp out of circuit while replacing carbons, or in case light is not required. All the parts of each form of lamp are so perfectly constructed as to be interchangeable, so that any part can be immediately supplied when called for.

The Fuller Electrical Company comprises among its principal stockholders and in its directory some of the most substantial men of means and influence in the country, such as Mr. William H. Appleton, Mr. William B. Garrison, Mr. Henry Sanford, Mr. August Belmont, Mr. S. J. Gordon, Mr. Henry J. Hoyt, Mr. Thomas Nast, Captain F. B. Baby, Mr. Robert J. Kimball, Mr. Appleton Sturgis, Mr. Charles F. Barney, and others well known. Mr. A. B. Chandler is President, and Mr. H. Seymour Geary, Vice-President and Treasurer of the company. Active agencies have been established in many of the principal cities throughout the country, and the difficulty now experienced by the company is to manufacture its apparatus fast enough to supply the demand for it.

ELECTRIC LIGHT NOTES.

Among the appliances used for electric lighting the successful insulation of conducting-wire seems to have been one of the most difficult problems. The Kerite insulator is a compound which, it is claimed, undergoes no change or deterioration, and will bear storage in any climate. Some time ago a test was made in Baltimore with one-half mile of Kerite wire which formed part of a circuit on which were 40 arc lights, and while subjected to severe tests, it still remains perfect up to date. The inventor says that this is the first of that length which has worked successfully underground in connection with electric lighting. One of the best testimonials in regard to the Kerite insulators came from M. E. Levasseur, member of the French Institute, in his report to the French government upon Electrical Exhibits: "It is the best insulator," said he.

Van Nostrand, the scientific book publisher, has lately issued several valuable treatises on electricity and electric lighting.

The Electrical Supply Company, on Liberty Street, are just what the name indicates. They are ready to supply anything in that line.

Mr. George H. Whipple, of 56 Wall Street, deals in electric lighting stocks and represents the best companies. Mr. Whipple was for many years connected with Messrs. N. L. & G. Griswold, one of our oldest and best houses.

SEWER CONSTRUCTION IN WASHINGTON.

WE give on page 93 an illustration of a section of the great sewer now in course of construction in the eastern part of the City of Washington, and which is designed for the benefit of a large area now destitute of facilities for the removal of sewage. The sewer is of large proportions, and will be fully adequate to all the demands which may be made upon it for many years to come. So long, however, as the Potomac flats remain as they now are, no mere patchwork sewer system will relieve the Federal Capitol of the malarial influences which are so prejudicial to the public health.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

THE great East River Bridge was last week stripped of the foot-bridge which had become so familiar to the eyes of spectators, but which is no longer needed, having fully served the use for which it was erected. The work was performed by twelve "riggers" and a foreman, who started midway of the structure and worked both ways. In the course of the day all permits to cross the foot-bridge were refused, and the words "lower only" substituted. On the towers a board inscribed "Danger," in large letters, fastened across the entrance to the foot-bridge, warned visitors not to try to pass. The foot-bridge was erected in the Fall and Winter of 1876-77, and was crossed for the first time on the 22d of February, 1877. The ropes sustaining the foot-bridge are 2½ inches in diameter, weighing 22 tons each and have a strength of 240 tons each. The work of removal will continue with the taking down of all the ropes seen above the main cables. It is hoped that the bridge will be completed some time during the Summer of 1883.

THE LATE HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

AMERICAN letters have suffered a supreme loss in the death of the country's most famous poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, which occurred at Cambridge, Mass., on March 24th. Mr. Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., on the 27th of February, 1807, and had celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birthday less than a month before his death. He was the son of Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer in his day, and grew up in a literary atmosphere. At the age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, and graduated with honor in the Class of 1825. Already, while still in his teens, the divine flame had begun to burn, and the young undergraduate gave to the world several poems which evidenced the birth of a new genius. Some of these early works, like the "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," have held their popularity during the half-century and more since they first appeared. Despite the strong bent for the Muse which young Longfellow had developed, the poet tried to harness himself to the prosaic profession of the law, and began its study in his father's office. It was inevitable, however, that such an attempt should prove a failure, and in 1826 he accepted the offer of a place more congenial to his tastes—in the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature at his Alma Mater. But the youth was only nineteen years of age, and he wisely insisted upon the privilege of devoting a period to foreign travel and study before beginning the discharge of his duties. He therefore sailed for Europe, and spent the next three years in France, Spain, Italy and Germany. Returning in 1829, he assumed his Professorship, which he filled with great credit until 1835, when a wider field of usefulness opened before him in the offer of the Professorship of Modern Languages and belles-lettres in Harvard University. But he again insisted upon an opportunity to revisit Europe, and spent another year abroad, returning in 1836. For the next seventeen years he discharged the duties of his professorship, and at the same time continued his work as a poet. In 1854 he resigned his position, and thereafter devoted himself without distraction to his literary career. He had spent the summer of 1842 at Boppard on the Rhine, and in 1868 he made his fourth visit to Europe. His fame by this time was world-wide, and he was received everywhere with marked honors, the degree of D. C. L. being conferred upon him by Oxford University during his stay in England. He had already received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard in 1859, and that of D. C. L. from Cambridge, England, in 1868, besides numerous academic and literary honors from nearly all the leading institutions of America.

The list of Longfellow's complete works makes a long catalogue, and the brief list of those upon which the world has already set the seal of immortality is by no means a short one. No other American poet has written so many verses which have become "household words." Generation after generation of children has committed to memory his brief poems, while his more ambitious works have delighted alike the farmer's family and the cultivated taste of the Modern Athens. It is interesting to recall the dates when some of his most famous works appeared. "Hyperion" was published in 1839; "Evangeline" in 1847; "The Song of Hiawatha" in 1855; "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in 1863, and "The Divine Tragedy" in 1872. The poet's literary activity continued almost to the close of his career. After he had passed sixty years of age he translated Dante's "Divine Comedy" into English verse, and at seventy he edited a series of "Poems of Places." On his seventieth birthday he published a poem which he designed should be his last, but he broke the rule afterwards, and wrote some poems during his last years which showed no abatement of his original powers.

No poet ever grew old more gracefully or more happily. After resigning his professorship in Harvard, he continued to reside in Cambridge, and his home was the ideal home of a poet. Cradle House, at the commencement of the Revolution, was occupied by Hon. Jonathan Sewall, and on the 2d of July, 1775, on the arrival of Washington, it became the great captain's headquarters. It saw strange scenes and "spacious times" up to 1843, the date of its occupation by Mr. Longfellow, and since that period has been the Mecca of devout literary pilgrims from every quarter of the globe. On the stairs ticks the ancient time-piece, repeating its "Never for ever," and the study in which Mr. Longfellow spent so many of his exquisite poems leaped into life, has been painted both by word and brush, still we are as familiar with it as with our chambers. Square, low-ceilinged and paneled; the fireplace of the days when George was King; the carved oaken bookcases; the poet's portrait at fire-and-twenty; the portraits of Sumner, Emerson, Fulton and Hawthorne, of Washington and his dame, the bust of Greene, the statues of Dante and Shakespeare; the high desk, the round table littered with books, the easy chair, the circular mirror and the clock—all these have been told in song and story till the poet's sanctum is photographed on our memory.

The poet's health had been breaking down for some time, and he had not been seen often in public for a year past. His seventy-fifth birthday found him too weak to share in the festivities with which it was celebrated, but the wide observance of the occasion, and especially the tributes of the schoolchildren, were most grateful to him. His final illness was brief. He caught cold on March 18th, which soon developed into bronchitis, and sank gradually until the end came, six days later.

Bad in itself, the death of Longfellow is no less sad in the warning it gives of other great losses which American literature must expect soon to suffer. Whittier, Holmes and Emerson—all three, like Longfellow, have passed the allotted three score years and ten, and we cannot hope that it will be very long before the last of this great literary quartet is taken from us.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A Company has been formed at Palermo to construct a railway to the summit of Mount Etna, in imitation of the Vesuvius Railway.

The Russian Geographical Society has resolved to fit out an exploring expedition to Nova Zembla, and to give the command to Andreieff.

Colonel Venukof, the well-known Russian traveler, estimates that a third of Asia, as well as a thirtieth part of Europe, still remains to be explored.

The British Admiralty are unwilling to send a national expedition in search of Mr. Leigh Smith and the *Eira* Expedition, but express their readiness to propose a grant of £5,000 towards the expense of a private expedition.

De Fosse, of Paris, has introduced a paper covering for furniture. It is made in imitation of Cordova leather, and is said to be so effective in its purposes as to promise competition with textile fabrics for upholstery work.

Charles S. Wills, of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, N. Y., on the morning of March 18th, discovered a bright comet in Hercules—right ascension, 17 hours 52 minutes; north declination, 32 degrees 30 minutes. The comet has a tail about five minutes in length, and a nucleus of about the eighth magnitude.

Successful Experiments have been made in the use of pepsine and hydrochloric acid as preventive of sea sickness. As much pepsine as will lie on the point of a knife is mixed with five drops of hydrochloric acid, and enough water added to give it a pleasant acid taste like lemonade. It is taken after the meal or at other times.

A Swiss inventor, after years of experiment, has succeeded in producing artificial mother-of-pearl, undistinguishable in every respect from the natural article. It can be molded in any shape, produced in any color, is impervious alike to summer heat and winter cold, and its price will be much less than that of ordinary mother-of-pearl.

Professor Helm, of Zurich, the earthship expert, has visited Feitan, the village in the Grisons which is being swallowed up by the ancient moraine on which it is built. He ascribes the phenomenon to the movement of underground waters, and considers that the peril may be averted by engineering operations, which will probably be executed under his superintendence.

Holland is preparing to send out a Polar expedition this year, under the lead of Professor Buys Ballot, of Utrecht. The Second Chamber has granted a subsidy of 30,000 florins, and a committee has been formed at Utrecht to raise the additional funds required by public subscriptions. The German Government has appointed a commission to make the necessary preparations for erecting the German Meteorological Station in the North Polar region in conjunction with the other States participating in the International Polar Research recently planned.

The Society which was formed at Milan for the commercial exploration of Africa, has already examined the Barka plateau, and founded two stations at Bengazi and Derna, and this year it proposes to send agents to accompany an Arab caravan from the Mediterranean to Wadai, across the desert, and through the oasis of Anjila, Jalo, Kufra, and Wauwanga. The Society also hopes to obtain the necessary firmans from Constantinople to enable it to establish an agricultural colony to the east of the Barka plateau, and if possible, an attempt will even be made to explore the routes leading from Abyssinia towards Asab, the Italian settlement on the Red Sea.

Richard Jahr, a young German photographer and chemist, has accomplished the remarkable feat of taking a photograph by moonlight, the subject being Garfield's tomb in Lake View Cemetery at Cleveland. The work was accomplished with new gelatine bromide plates, which are very sensitive and will take a picture fifteen times quicker than with the old process. The plate was exposed seven hours, and the photograph is perfect, but peculiar. The sky is very white and the foliage black, while the vault, robed in the mantle of moonlight, looms up in perfect outline. During the earlier part of the night the shadows fell to the westward, and towards morning to the eastward, lending a peculiarly melancholy but beautiful effect.

King Cotton has conquered a new realm, and now proposes to house men as well as clothe them. A preparation called celluloid, in which cotton is a leading ingredient, has been used lately as a substitute for ivory in the manufacture of billiard-balls and paper-cutters; and now a Canadian manufacturer has invented a process by which compressed cotton may be used not merely for doors and window-frames, but for the whole *façade* of large buildings. Treated with certain chemicals and compressed, it can be made perfectly fireproof and as hard as stone, absolutely air and damp proof; and a material is thus produced admirably adapted for the lining—internal and external—of buildings of which the shell may or may not be constructed of other material, while it easily lends itself to decorative purposes.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 19th.—At Ithaca, N. Y., John Rumsey, a wealthy banker, aged 60; at Waverley, Mass., John Sylvester, a large manufacturer of railway spikes, aged 93. MARCH 20th.—In Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. George W. Woodruff, a well-known Methodist clergyman, aged 60; at Milton, Mass., George Hollingsworth, a leading artist; at Toronto, Ont., Rev. H. J. Grasett, Dean of Toronto and long identified with the public-school system of the province, aged 74. MARCH 21st.—At Sheffield, Mass., Rev. Dr. Orville Deway, a prominent Unitarian clergyman and author of several theological works, aged 86; at Hartford, Conn., Samuel Woodruff, a leading manufacturer. MARCH 22d.—At Gainesville, Fla., James Ashworth, formerly Internal Revenue Collector at Philadelphia; at Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Grace Leacock, aged 106; at Paris, France, General François Victor Adolphe Chanal, who entered in the French army in 1833 and was an envoy to this country in 1860, aged 71. MARCH 23d.—At Madrid, Spain, Don Antonio Dorregaray, a Carlist General, aged 62. MARCH 24th.—At Cambridge, Mass., Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, aged 75; at Washington, D. C., Gustavus H. Scott, Rear Admiral United States Navy, aged 70; at Savannah, Ga., Colonel William T. Thompson, long managing editor of the Savannah News, aged 69; at London, England, William Newmarch, an eminent statistician, aged 62. News has been received of the death in the Falkland Islands on March 9th of James H. Spots, Rear Admiral of the United States Navy and Commander of the South Atlantic Squadron, aged 60.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. BROWN-SQUARD has been offered and has declined the position of Court Physician at Madrid.

SARAH BERNHARDT, who has been acting at Naples, has been spitting blood again, and is unable to perform.

MISS LONGFELLOW, the poet's daughter, is fitting up a Massachusetts room in Washington's mansion at Mount Vernon.

THE King of Spain has conferred the Order of Charles the Third upon Dr. Marion Sims in recognition of his surgical career.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE has returned from a long absence abroad, and joined his family at the old home—"The Wayside"—in Concord, Mass.

JEFF DAVIS suffers from an irritated throat, and has been compelled to decline three recent invitations to deliver Commencement and Monumental addresses.

It is announced that Mr. John Russell Young, the Minister to China, will soon be married to Miss Colman, a niece of ex-Governor Jewell, of Connecticut.

TAIB BEY, the brother of the Bey of Tunis, who was imprisoned for conspiring against the Bey, has been banished from Tunis, and will go Paris to reside.

COUNT JOANNINI, Italian Minister to Mexico, shot himself through the head, last week, killing himself instantly, on account of financial embarrassment.

MISS EMMA KEY, eldest daughter of the ex-Postmaster General, was thrown from a buggy at Chattanooga, Tenn., a few days ago, and dangerously injured.

MARCH 1st was the 1,900th anniversary of the birth of Virgil, and the Pontifical Seminary at Rome celebrated the occasion by reading original poems in his honor.

THE London *Truth* announces that Don Philippe de Bourbon, the second son of the Count d'Aquila, is about to marry Miss Mackay, daughter of Mr. John W. Mackay, the California bonanza king.

P. S. GILMORN has received a medal from the French Government in recognition of his services in conducting a series of grand concerts given by his band in the Trocadero during the Paris Exposition of 1878.

THE Americans at Cairo celebrated Washington's Birthday with a banquet, at which the Khedive's Cabinet and the representatives of the Foreign Governments in Egypt were present, and many complimentary toasts were proposed.

GENERAL and MRS. GRANT went to Washington last week as guests of President Arthur, who gave a grand dinner in their honor on Wednesday evening. They were also entertained at dinner by Secretary Frelinghuysen, George Bancroft and General Beale.

CAPTAIN JOHN BERTRAM, who was born on the Island of Jersey in 1796 and brought all his possessions to Salem, Mass., in a handkerchief when a boy, died in that city last week, leaving a fortune estimated at nearly \$10,000,000, made chiefly in the gum copal trade.

HENRY G. RODGERS, who was United States Minister to Sardinia under President Van Buren, and one of the three surviving members of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention of 1837, died last week in the Arms House at Lancaster, Pa., of which he has been an inmate for several weeks. He was nearly 80 years of age.

GOVERNOR CORNELL of New York will not allow Carpenter's full-length painting of Mr. Lincoln to be placed in his room at the Albany Capitol, objecting to the execution as well as to the size, the canvas being eight feet long. The Senate has decided to give the Finance Committee discretionary power to dispose of the portrait.

THE Czar is represented to lead a pitiable life in the prison-palace of Gatchina. He is said to be stupefied by captivity, music alone preventing his mind from becoming completely unbinged. He is afraid to accompany the Czarina for outdoor exercise, and spends hours daily with the children in the gymnasium, climbing rope ladders and turning somersaults.

CAPTAIN OTIS WHITCOMB, the original of Denman Thompson's "Josh Whitcomb," died a few days ago at his home in Swansey, N. H., aged eighty-six years and six months. He was a sincere, warm-hearted, lovable man, the type of the ideal New England farmer. Denman Thompson has been known and loved from boyhood, and has very faithfully presented his character in "Uncle Josh." He raised a family of eighteen children, of whom nine survive.

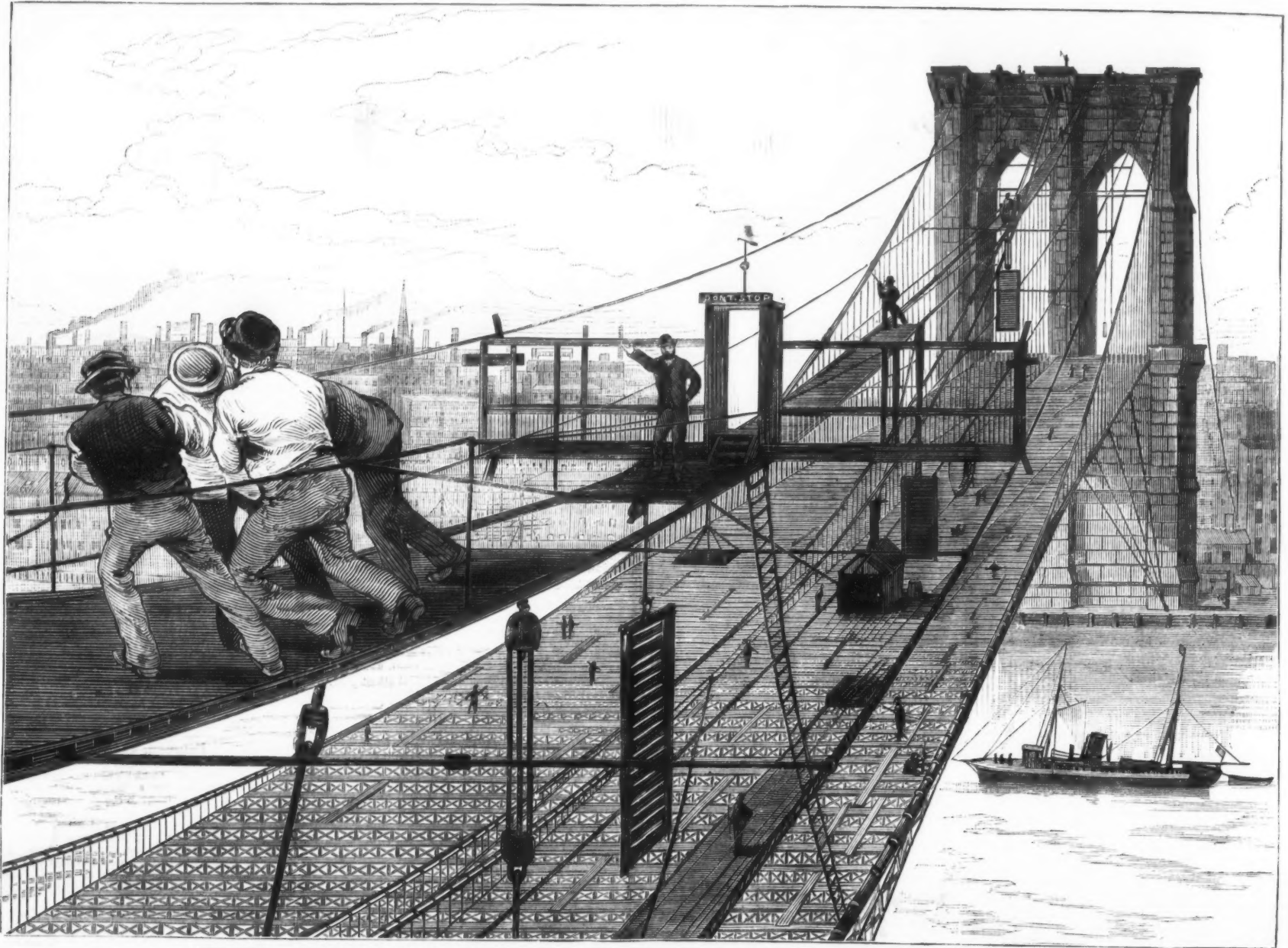
IN the Rhode Island Supreme Court last week the case—a dispute over a piece of land—of William Beach Lawrence, the well known international lawyer, against Richard M. Stalg, a Boston artist, was stricken from the docket, both parties having died. The case has been in the courts for over twenty years, and has been heard on numerous motions, counter motions and exceptions. New trials have been ordered, and every judge in the State has been called upon to hear the parties to the suit.

EDITH E. ELLIOTT is probably as happy a girl as there is in England. The day the Queen was shot at she wrote Her Majesty a letter, addressed to "My Dear Queen," telling her she was "so glad that you have not been hurt," and closing, "Good-night, and may God bless you." Next day Edith received from Windsor Castle the following: "Captain Edwards has received the Queen's commands to thank Miss Edith E. Elliott for her kind little letter, and to express Her Majesty's gratification upon reading it."

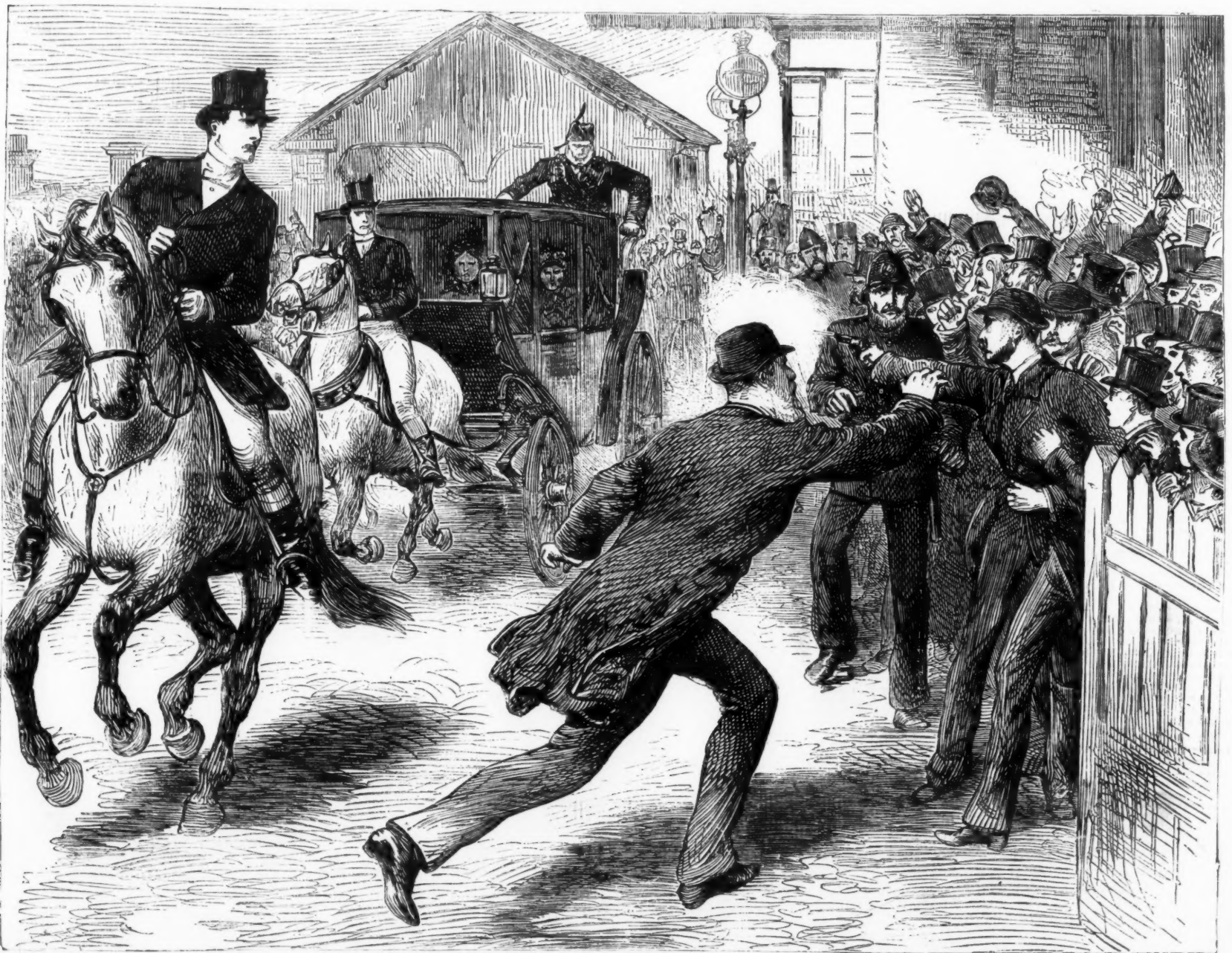
NICOLÒ GRANADA, one of the last survivors of the First Napoleon's famous "Old Guard," died recently in Vigo, Spain, at the age of 103, having survived all the twenty-eight children of his three marriages and his last wife. He entered the army in 1800, distinguished himself at Austerlitz and Jena, was given the Cross of Honor by Napoleon himself for bravery at Leipzig, took part in the disastrous march to Moscow, and was at the front in the last mad charge at Waterloo, but persistently declined any pension for his services.

MRS. GEORGE VANDENHOFF the eminent elocutionist, held an interesting examination of her pupils on the 27th instant at Chickering Hall. Mrs. Vandenhoff's methods are perfect, her knowledge of her subject so thorough and her capacity for developing the powers of her pupils so subtle, that any exhibition of their skill and proficiency is certain to be both interesting as well as entertaining. This gifted lady's clients are to be found amongst the most distinguished families in the land, and now that elocution is considered as essential in education, Mrs. Vandenhoff's system is about being universally adopted.

A BILL has been introduced in the New Jersey Legislature for the erection of a monument to the memory of Alexander Hamilton on the site of the famous dueling-ground at Weehawken. The property is now in the hands of Mr. Gracie King, who would gladly give a site for the proposed monument; but he fears that the exact location of the spot where Hamilton fell, wounded by the ball from Burr's pistol, cannot be determined. Some years ago the St. Andrew's Society, of New York, erected a monument on the dueling ground, but it has been taken away piecemeal as souvenirs by curiosity-seekers, and even its location has become a matter of doubt.



NEW YORK.—THE REMOVAL OF THE FOOT-BRIDGE OF THE GREAT EAST RIVER STRUCTURE, MARCH 20TH.—SEE PAGE 91.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT WINDSOR STATION, MARCH 2D.—SEE PAGE 87.



GEN. WM. S. ROSECRANS, M. C. FROM CALIFORNIA.—PHOTO, BY DILLON.

GEN. WM. S. ROSECRANS.

GENERAL WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS is one of the few men who, having once been conspicuous, gradually sink into obscurity, and then, years afterwards, become prominent for a second time. Twenty years ago, in the beginning of the war of the rebellion, his name was as familiar as that of any Union General, and many people believed that he would prove the great commander of the Federal forces before the struggle was over. But his early victories were succeeded by defeats, his name came to be associated with the disastrous battle of Chickamauga, and after the war ended and he settled in California, he dropped out of the public mind. Two years ago, however, he was nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the San Francisco district, and was elected after a lively campaign. Already he has become a prominent figure in the party councils, and a few days ago he was elected Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee—an honor rarely, if ever before, conferred upon a member serving his first term. The heated discussion which has sprung up as to his relations with President Garfield, who was his chief of staff, has also served still further to direct public attention to the old soldier.

General Rosecrans is an "Ohio man" by birth, having been born at Kingston, in that State, September 6th, 1819. He was educated at the West Point Military Academy, where he graduated in 1842, and after service as lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, he returned in 1844 as assistant professor for three years. For the next five years he had charge of the fortifications at Newport, and in 1853 he resigned from the army, and became consulting engineer and manufacturer of coal oil. When the war broke out he joined

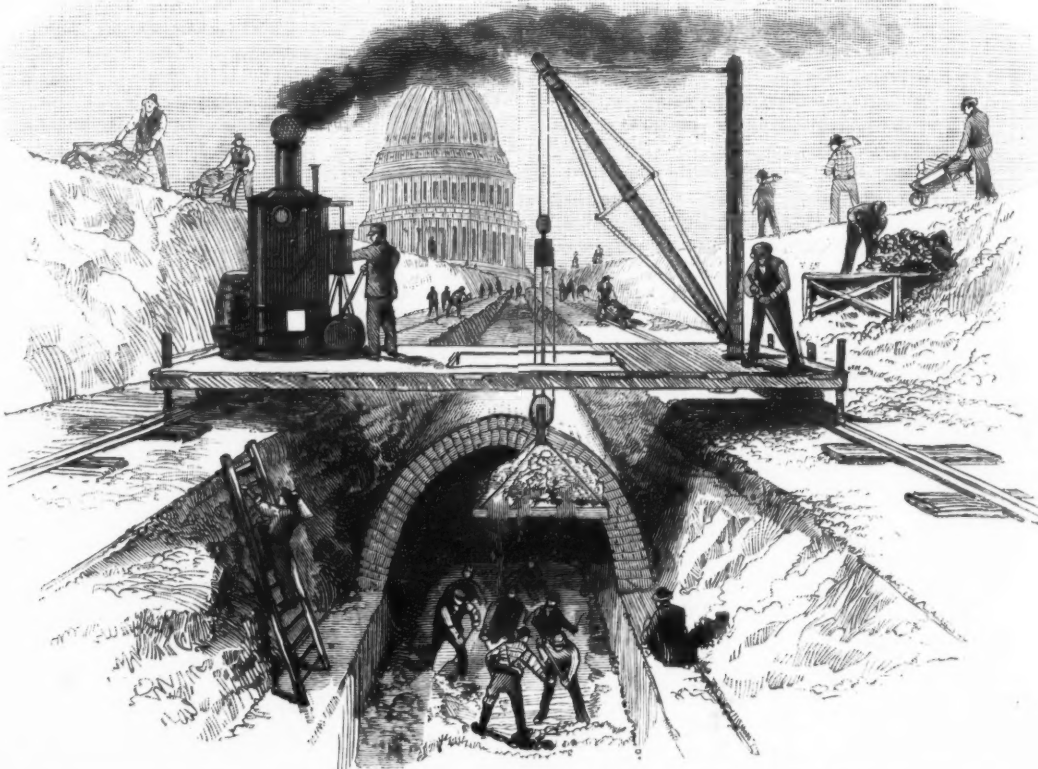
the Union Army, being commissioned colonel in June, 1861, and promoted to brigadier-general in the regular army before the close of the year for his gallant services in West Virginia as second in command to McClellan. He was soon made commander of the Department of the Ohio; in 1862 he succeeded Pope as commander of the Army of the Mississippi, was commissioned as major-general of volunteers, and won the battle of Iuka. In October he was made commander of the Department of the Cumberland, won the battle of Stone River, and met the crisis of his military career at Chickamauga in September, 1863, after which he was relieved of his command and held no very responsible position during the remainder of the war. In 1867 General Rosecrans resigned his brigadier-general's commission and removed to California. The Democrats tried to persuade him to enter politics, but he preferred to devote himself to business pursuits, and declined the nomination for Governor. But in 1880 he sought a nomination for Congress, and in his brief service at the capital he has certainly succeeded in making himself again a rather conspicuous figure in public affairs.

HON. JOHN J. KIERNAN,
CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW YORK SENATE
INSURANCE COMMITTEE.

HON. JOHN J. KIERNAN, Chairman of the Insurance Committee of the New York Senate, whose investigation into the alleged fraudulent receiverships of several important companies is now attracting general attention, is a native of the district comprising a large portion of Brooklyn and three Kings County towns which he represents and in which he was raised and educated. Senator Kiernan entered on the struggle of life as a clerk in the Western Union Telegraph Office. He was there when the first successful Atlantic cable began to flash instantaneous intelligence between the hemispheres, and the notion occurred to him to utilize that great medium for financial and commercial purposes. He promptly placed himself in communication with active spirits at all the great European business centres and the principal cities on this continent, and soon opened a news agency in Wall Street. From his office there he began forwarding hourly to such bankers, brokers and merchants as he secured as subscribers, news from all over the world calculated to affect trade or monetary affairs. His bright idea met with the development and



HON. J. J. KIERNAN, CHAIRMAN OF SENATE INSURANCE COMMITTEE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—SECTION OF THE SEWER NOW CONSTRUCTING ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE CITY.
SEE PAGE 91.

whom the soldiers entertain an almost superstitious reverence. In the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 he was not only a capable commander, but a hero. At the passage of the Danube, followed by but eight Cossacks of Kouban, he plunged into the river under the withering fire of the Turks, and, swimming his horse across, struck the opposite shore before the disembarkation of the Radetsky Infantry. At the head of a division, defended by the picked troops of Osman Pasha, he assaulted and carried the town of Lovtcha. All the world is acquainted with his attack on the Green Mountain at Plevna. Later on, when Plevna was taken and the Russian army marched upon Roumelia, Skobelev, at the head of a division, crossed the snow-clad Balkans, in executing a march that can only be compared to the passage of Mount St. Bernard, and, falling upon the left flank of the Turkish army, attacked it in the Schipka Pass. He put it to flight, and with three decimated regiments of infantry took 20,000 prisoners. Last year this brilliant general put the climax upon his military reputation by storming Geok Tepé, before which the Russian troops had, prior to his arrival, received so sanguine a defeat. For this exploit he was appointed to the command of a corps d'armée, and, as such, is the military head of the Fourth Corps, whose location is at Minsk, an ancient city in the Government of the same name.

While General Skobelev is thirty-eight years of age, he looks almost a decade younger. There is nothing in his aspect which betokens the warrior inured to hardships. Nor yet does he give the impression of a carpet-knight, although he is the best valeted man in Europe. He is habitually well-dressed, but not a dandy. One sees that he pays minute attention to the details of his toilet when he is engaged at it; but

brought him the prosperity it was worthy of, and "Kiernan's Wall Street Financial News Bureau" is one of the leading institutions of the city. It was not much of a surprise to "the Street" when some years afterwards there appeared in every downtown office and place of business of any importance an automatic telegraph instrument rolling off on a roll of tape full details of the movements, as they occurred, interesting to the business community. To this extraordinary product of the age the public is indebted to Mr. Kiernan. As an outgrowth of his furnishing financial news for all parts of the world, came the business of newspaper advertising, and becoming a member of the firm of Frank, Kiernan & Co., that agency now transacts a large share of the financial, insurance and general commercial advertising of New York and other cities. In politics he was always a Democrat of the most pronounced and orthodox sect, and spared neither labor nor expense in the support of his party in Kings County, but he never occupied any public position before now. In his Senatorial canvass last Fall, Senator Kiernan ran largely ahead of his ticket, receiving 8,316 majority in a total vote of 31,606. Mr. Kiernan was married in 1866, and was left a widower with four children a year ago, by the death of a lady whose pleasant face was well known to everybody interested in works of charity and piety in the City of Churches.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF, whose recent reply to the Serbian students of Paris startled all Europe, is one of the youngest generals in the Russian service, where promotion in time of peace is usually slow, and in time of war only to be gained by the display of eminent military talents. He is only thirty-eight years of age. His father, sprung from a simple Cossack family, was for his brilliant courage and long service raised to the rank of lieutenant-general. The son, who entered the army in 1862, has reached the grade of general of infantry, corresponding to that of commander of a corps d'armée in most other European countries. Few careers so short have been so filled with active service as that of the young general, undoubtedly the most popular chief that Russia possesses, and for



ROBERT CAVALIER DE LA SALLE.—FROM THE MARGREY PORTRAIT.



GENERAL MICHAEL SKOBELEFF, THE EMINENT RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

that, once it is ended, his personal appearance does not cost him, for the rest of the day, a single thought. In the morning and after noon the coat is a blue frock, loose of stylish cut, and buttoned across the chest. The trousers, of gray tweed, are also an easy fit, and they half hide feet too small to be in proportion to the General's stature. If jeweled studs, pin and chain are worn, they do not show. A hand of feminine delicacy is carefully attended to, but unadorned with rings. Skobelev is tall, his figure is lithe. It shows an elastic, nervous organization, but no athletic muscularity. The habit of poring over books of military science, maps and plans, has induced a slight stoop. In working out in his mind some tough problem, or talking on a subject that excites him, he paces rapidly backwards and forwards, in tent or study, often stopping short for a few moments. When his physiognomy is in repose, it tells no tale of any kind. His eyes are large, and there is a good distance between them. Their color is light bluish-gray, and they are dead-looking until the General speaks, when they may truly be called the windows of his soul. His complexion is ashen, without being unhealthy. Emotion warms it up in an instant. The nose is of a mixed type, and long. A thick head of fair hair is cut short and parted in the middle. The nut-brown beard is also short at the chin's point, longer at the sides, and trimmed to follow the contour of the cheeks. This warrior gives the impression of a man of high station and native and acquired superiority. His manners are open, courteous and engaging. The hand is extended with frank affability, and the dull eyes light up to speak a cordial welcome.

Skobelev is an omnivorous reader, and sucks rapidly the brain out of a book. He has always with him his old French tutor, M. Giraud, whom he addresses with affectionate familiarity. Skobelev inherits his military qualities from his grandfather and father, who were both Generals and Chevaliers of St. George. The former had four fingers cut off and his elbow shattered in the war of 1831. He had risen from the ranks, and was a Muscovite. From his mother, Skobelev the third derives his disposition and intellectual tastes. She was murdered in Bulgaria by an officer of her son's staff. The General venerates her memory, and speaks of her with faltering voice. The Skobelev family was poor, and had no long ancestral line. But its social prestige, which was entirely due to the force of character and accomplishments of the late Madame Skobelev, became so great that the noblest families in Russia sought to be allied to it. The oldest daughter is Princess Peloselsky, the second Madame Tchernoff, and the third is married to Count Beauharnais, son of the late Grand Duchess Marie, and first cousin of the Czar. She is not given Imperial rank at Court, but is treated as a cousin by Alexander and the Czarina.

CONSUMPTION of the lung tissue must steadily increase by the retention of the foul corruption. Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP promotes gentle expectoration and gives great relief to those suffering with consumption.

"How MANY comets did you say there were?" Inquired the Judge of the prisoner, who had been locked up over night for deranging the symmetry of a neighbor's features during an astronomical controversy. "Three, ay it please yer honor." The court smiled incredulously, upon observing which Pat added: "I'm after telling ye the truth. Mickey Farrell, he saw one, Mrs. Dennis, she saw another, an' it was meself that saw the third."

NEWARK VALLEY, N. Y., March 18th, 1882.
H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 81 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
GENTLE: Please send as soon as possible the following Asbestos paints. * * * This is a small place, but I hope to make the trade of considerable importance. Have handled paints extensively for many years, and consider these the best now in use, so can conscientiously recommend them. Yours truly,
L. M. SMITH.

THE EASE WITH WHICH
It is assimilated specially adapts ANGLO-SWISS MILK-FOOD to the delicate stomachs of infants and invalids.

MANY lose their beauty from the hair falling or fading. PARKER'S HAIR BALM supplies necessary nourishment, prevents falling and grayness, and is an elegant dressing.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

KATHERINE ROGERS.
MESSRS. RIKER & SON: 47 WEST 11TH STREET.
I like your AMERICAN FACE POWDER very much. It certainly improves the complexion, and is perfectly artless.
KATHERINE ROGERS.

HUB PUNCH—a new sensation to the epicure.

CROUP.
DR. TOBIAS: I write to inform you that the child of a friend of mine was cured of Croup, after being given up to die by three physicians. One hour after your Venetian Liniment was used it was out of danger. I hope you will publish this, so that mothers may know that they have a remedy for this terrible complaint. I lost a child by Croup previous to hearing of your Liniment, but now never feel alarmed, as I have your medicine always in the house. I have also used it for pains, sore throat, etc., and always found it to cure. JEREMIAH CASEY,
No. 17 North Moore Street, New York.

GREAT CURE OF RHEUMATISM.
This is to certify that I had the Rheumatism in my hip so I could not walk without my crutch, and after using Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment a short time, I was entirely relieved, and candidly believe it a most certain cure for Rheumatism, as I have tried many things without any good, and after using this Venetian Liniment for only a few days I was well.
HUGH PAUL,
No. 201 Avenue B, New York.

FROM DR. SWEET, THE FAMOUS AND WORLD-RENOVED BONESETTER.

NORTH KINGSTON, R. I.
DR. TOBIAS—Dear Sir: I have used your valuable Venetian Liniment in my practice as bonesetter for the past five years, and consider it the best article I ever tried for bathing broken bones, wounds, lame backs, sprains, etc. I have no hesitation in recommending it to the public as the best article for all pains flesh is heir to.
Yours truly,
JAMES SWEET.

Sold by the Druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, No. 42 Murray Street.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.
MILLIONS of rats, mice, cats, bed-bugs, roaches, lose their lives by collision with "ROUGH ON RATS." Sold by druggists, 15c. per box.

AN old lady writes us: "I am 65 years old and was feeble and nervous all the time, when I bought a bottle of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. I have used a little more than one bottle and feel as well as at 30, and am sure that hundreds need just such a medicine."

BRILLIANT RESULTS.

THERE can not be found in the journals of any school of medicine an account of such brilliant cures as have been made, during the past ten years, in a wide range of chronic diseases, by the new COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT. In a single number of our quarterly journal, *Health and Life*, will be found a record of cures, some of which would make the reputation of any medical practitioner. Not a day in which our large correspondence with patients does not bring us new reports of cures, or ameliorations of distressing symptoms, or expressions of thankfulness and gratitude for relief from pains which have tortured for years, and for which no treatment had hitherto availed anything. Our Treatise on COMPOUND OXYGEN, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKLEY & PALEN 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

In the old days of river travel the boats used to be crowded and it was difficult to get attended to at the table. One of the passengers, taking in the situation, laid a \$5 bill by his plate. He had the most obsequious attention, and when he had finished he addressed the waiter, who stood by smiling and rubbing his hands: "Do you see that \$5 bill?" "Oh, yes, marster! yes, marster!" "Very well, then. Take a good, long look at it, for it will be the last time you'll ever see it."

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE leaves the skin soft, smooth, pliable and beautiful. Use PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE TOILET SOAP.

IN THE SALONS OF FASHION

WHITE teeth are more frequently seen than formerly. This is because our ladies have given the seal of their approbation to SOZODONT, the foremost among toilet articles. This superlatively pure and salubrious preparation checks the further decomposition of the teeth, removes impurities which obscure their natural hue, strengthens them, and makes the gums as ruddy and hard as coral, and communicates sweetness and rosin to the mouth.

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish, sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

"Use Redding's Russia Salvo."

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50c. At all Druggists.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½ lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.
JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
London, England.

RUPTURE RELIEVED AND CURED BY DR. J. A. SHERMAN'S METHOD.

Without the injury inflicted by the use of trusses, No operation; simply by external local applications—both mechanical and medicinal—made daily by the patient, who can perform any kind of labor during the treatment with safety from the danger of inflamed rupture, and without interfering with the cure.

ROBERT ROSE'S RUPTURE—WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT SHERMAN'S TREATMENT.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I was a ruptured man for some years, and was very much disheartened and dispirited by it. I tried trusses after truss, and suffered intensely. I felt as though my active days were cut short; and, as I am naturally of a lively, stirring disposition, that my desire for pleasure and social society was lost. While in this condition, I read in your paper testimonials of Dr. J. A. Sherman's success in treating ruptures, and, coming to the conclusion that I must have relief or give up business, I resolved to consult him. I was then living at Tarfville, Conn., and went to his Boston office, 43 Milk St., a little over a year ago, and procured his aid. I soon felt myself improving, and felt safe at my business, which required strength and activity. Am a machinist; have worked steadily since; have regained my lively disposition, and what I hardly dared expect when I first went to Dr. Sherman—I am entirely cured of the rupture. This opens to me again the bright side of life, and I am anxious to make it known through your paper, where I first had the good fortune to see the statements of others who had suffered and been cured, for the benefit and encouragement of those afflicted.

ROBERT ROSE, 238 York St., Jersey City, N. J.
April 30th, 1881.

A LETTER WHICH OUGHT TO CONVINCE THE MOST SKEPTICAL OF DR. SHERMAN'S SUCCESS.

OFFICE OF ANCHOR MILLS,
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Chetopa, Kan., Dec. 21st, 1881.

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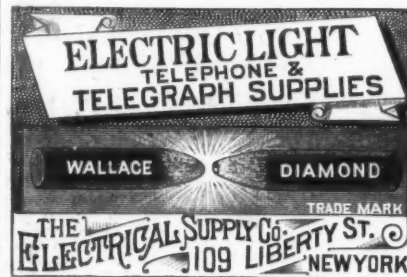
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